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The Independent.

" BUT AS WE WERE ALLOWED OF GOD TO BE PUT IN TRUST WITH THE GOSPEL, EVEN SO WE SPEAK, NOT AS PLEASING MEN BUT GOD, WHICH TRIETH OUR HEARTS."

VOLUME XXI. NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1869. NUMBER 1054.

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A BIRTHDAY POEM.

C. D.,

BORN AT LANDPORT, ENGLAND, FEBRUARY 7th, 1812.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

I HAD a vision of a time
And country far away;
I saw a shadowed room, wherein
A fair, pale lady lay,
With God's sweet spring-time in her heart,
Though 'twas a winter day.

Apart, upon his nurse's knee,
In "milky dreams" far gone,
A baby lay, in lace-frilled cap
And frock of dainty lawn,
Still rather rosy with the hues
Of this life's troubled dawn.

Sudden, methought, strange spirit-shapes
Into the still room filed—
Shapes all so like to human life,
They glowed, and wept, and smiled,
But, with no sound of voice or step,
Closed round the sleeping child.

I cannot paint, though well I knew,
Each figure, quaint or fair,
That loomed before or mutely blessed
The baby, lying there,
With smiles of joy or wistful looks
Of sorrow and despair.

"A fine old English gentleman,"
With mild, spectacled eyes,
Beamed benedictions on the lad;
A youth in sailor guise
And sturdy Yarmouth fisherman
Looked on in shy surprise.

Anon, two bluff old mariners
Into the presence rolled.
One brought strange gifts—a timepiece quaint,
Some silver, worn and old;
But the blessing of his honest eyes
Was more than gems or gold.

A tall youth, in a waistcoat striped,
Put on a jolly look,
And a fat man in a comforter
With silent laughter shook,
When this mariner would take the child,
To weigh it on his hook.

Such children thronged about the babe!
They kissed him, one and all,
On brow and cheek, and on the mouth,
Faint-tinted bud and small,
To blossom with the sweetest words
That ever lips let fall!

And last, methought, a pale young girl
Stole in, and wistful stood;
For shame and dread bowed down her head
Before the pure and good,
Since Sin had kissed from off her cheek
The rose of maidenhood.

She stole in 'mid the children dear,
As fair, but not of them.
Beside him who on such as she
Would look and not "condemn"
She sunk down, sobbing, and but kissed
His little garment's hem.

Then, dreamed I, on *his* brow a light
Of Heaven's good favor smiled,
And round the small, unconscious form
Shone, it undoes and mild;
In that repentant woman's kiss
Her Lord had blessed the child.

INDIAN CIVILIZATION.

BY MRS. L. M. CHILD.

THE Asylum at Cattaraugus for Orphan and Destitute Indian Children is an honor to the State of New York. The Recording Angel of History will get it down on the credit side, opposite to the mean and cruel riot of Seymour's "friends." Delegates from the Baltimore Society of Friends, who have lately visited this Asylum, publish a most encouraging Report concerning the intelligence, good behavior, and rapid improvement of the children there collected. It is a triumphant refutation of the doctrine that Indians cannot be civilized—a doctrine hatched by bigotry and selfishness, and fed by blind resentment and unreflecting prejudice. Because the negro did *not* resist the outrages of white men, they said he was a savage by nature, and it was impossible to make anything of him but a savage. It is an old trick of oppressors to seek to have their sins made respectable by church authority; and it is an old trick of the churches to oblige oppressors in such matters. Slavery was an obvious violation of the plainest principles of justice and humanity; but there were not wanting expounders of Scripture who said: It is no sin. It is merely carrying out the designs of Providence; for negroes descended from Ham, and God cursed Canaan, the son of Ham, saying, "A servant of servants shall he be unto his brethren." Forcing Indians, at the point of the bayonet, to quit their lands, and paying them in bad whisky, wet gunpowder, and moth-eaten blankets is obviously a violation of common honesty. But this also was assumed to be merely carrying out the designs of Providence. For white men were declared to be the descendants of Japhet, and Indians the descendants of Shem; and is it not written, "Japhet shall be enlarged, and inhabit the tents of Shem"?

"Of all the arts sagacious dupes invent,
To cheat themselves and gain the world's assent,
The worst is Scripture warped from its intent."

How long will it take mankind to learn that human nature is every where essentially the same? Its shadings of variation are mainly owing to greater or less advancement in laws and religion, and a greater or less degree of extension in the means of education. The most enlightened nations of the earth have risen, by slow degrees, from barbarism; and all other nations, tribes, and races can rise to the same elevation, if they are permitted and encouraged to share the same salutary influences. The Report from this Asylum at Cattaraugus shows that Indian children manifest the same nature as white children. They have the same wrong impulses and the same good impulses, the same capability for acquiring knowledge and forming correct principles. The delegates report an anecdote which they heard from Eber M. Petit, the New York School Agent for the district including the Indian Reservations. When visiting one of the Indian schools under his charge, he was told by the woman teacher that some of the boys were quarrelsome, especially one large, strong boy, named Tom Jimison. Therefore, when he addressed the scholars, he took occasion to remark that in *some* schools the large boys would quarrel and fight with the smaller ones; that he hoped it was not the case in *this* school. But, if any of them *should* be tempted to such wrong, mean conduct, he would advise him to sing a hymn before he begun to fight. The evil seemed to be checked for some days; but the "old Adam" in Tom Jimison soon proved too strong for him, and he stripped off his coat in a hurry to "go in for a fight." But one of the little ones cried out: "Mr. Petit said, when we wanted to fight, we ought to sing a hymn." "So he did," exclaimed Tom; "let us try it." He began to sing, and soon they were all attracted to join in one of their pleasant school hymns. When they had finished, Tom put on his coat, saying: "I don't feel like fighting now." Do you say that boy is incapable of being civilized? When the blood of an untaught, turbulent ancestry has been quieted by one or two generations of kindly teaching, Tom's descendants will be as likely as those of any other person to become peaceable citizens and wise philanthropists.

The following anecdote was likewise related by Mr. Petit. In a year of general scarcity, an Indian named Blue Eyes had a very abundant crop of corn, in consequence of his fields being sheltered from cold winds by dense woods. Not thinking it right to take advantage of this circumstance, he sold his corn at a low price. A white man proposed to buy the whole and pay the cash down. But Blue Eyes answered: "You got plenty money. You get corn anywhere. Some folks got no corn and no money. *My* corn is for *them*." Did that man show a nature that must always be savage?

The delegation of Friends likewise visited the Iroquois Agricultural Exhibition, at the same place; where they saw fine specimens of horses, cattle, swine, poultry, grain of all sorts, fruits of various kinds, delicious bread, butter, maple-sugar, sleighs, sleds, baskets, wooden bowls, etc., etc.; all raised and manufactured by Indians, whose wives and daughters exhibited specimens of their workmanship, in the form of handsome bed-quilts and counterpanes, knit shawls, hose, gloves, mittens, embroidered slippers and dresses, and a great variety of bead-work.

Yet some men, who would feel insulted if they were called savages, say the only way to deal with Indians is to exterminate them.

It is high time that all humane and just persons should join in urging Congress to give close, careful, and candid attention to our relations with the Indians. The public voice ought to stigmatize our military men for any breach of faith, any lack of humanity, any violation of the rules of war, in their intercourse with these tribes, more severely than they would for similar misdemeanors toward the French or English; for it is cowardly as well as cruel to take advantage of the weak. Hitherto many officials of the United States seem to have acted upon the mean maxim "Give them another kick! They have no friends!"

Undoubtedly, the Indians have done many wicked and cruel things; but, if we could ascertain the whole truth, and strike the balance justly, I believe we should be forced to admit that they have been "more sinned against than sinning." If our humanity is not sufficiently active to prompt a different course toward them, we ought at least to be capable of more enlightened self-interest. Justice and kindness are always the wisest policy in dealing with human beings of all sorts and conditions. This nation has expended an incalculable amount of blood and treasure for the sake of persisting in high-handed injustice toward black men and red men. Look at the Seminole War, for instance, which cost so many lives and fifty millions of money. The Indians were in the right in that war, and we were in the wrong. Because female slaves escaped into Florida and intermarried with the Seminoles, the children of those tribes were hunted and carried off by slaveholders, without even the formality of inquiry into their legal claim to the mothers. Osceola's wife and children were snatched from him in this way and carried into bondage. How can we blame him and his brother chiefs for fighting against such outrages, while we glorify Gen. Washington for resisting unto blood a stamp on paper and a tax on tea? And, up to this time, the Indians have generally been treated as if they had "no rights that white men were bound to respect." It is soul-harrowing to hear Father Beeson tell of the frauds, the abominations, and the cruelties practiced upon the tribes in his neighborhood—frauds and outrages for which it was vain for them to seek redress by law. *We* should fight, with half their provocation. I am well aware that Indians are revengeful, and that their warfare is characterized by great barbarity; but I believe it is the effect of tradition and education, rather than any peculiarity in their nature. Not very long ago, hatreds were handed down from generation to generation in the highlands of Scotland; and families felt bound to rob and murder each other in revenge for insults or injuries to their ancestors. It was not owing to anything peculiarly savage in their nature; for, under the influence of a wiser education, they have become a peaceful, kindly, law-abiding people. In Corsica the horrible custom of the "Vendetta" still continues, because a man is disgraced in public opinion if he does not seek to kill the great-grandson of a man who did some wrong to his great-grandfather. What I wish, above all things, is, that we should teach the Indians to respect civilization by the worthiness of our own behavior. Instead of that, intercourse with white men undermines their virtues without curing their faults. For instance, in their wild state, licentiousness is unknown among them, and they despise any violation of decency. But alas! for the Indian woman's pride of modesty if she is in the power of U. S. soldiers, agents, and the crowd of lawless adventurers who traverse the Indian lands. It is painful to hear Father Beeson describe their helpless and hopeless degradation.

Certainly, no one will deny the imperious necessity of restraining the Indians from the commission of crime; but their persecutors and marauders should also be restrained with an equally firm hand. If this were done, I believe we should have little more trouble with Indian wars and depredations. It might take them a little while to believe that we really intended to deal justly and humanely, for they have had small reason to trust us; but, once convinced, they would prefer to avoid war with us. It is hopeless desperation that drives them to it now; for the poor, furious creatures fight at tremendous odds with the overwhelming power of the United States.

I wish I could write on this subject as earnestly as I feel. I tell you, we are verily guilty concerning our red brother; and, unless we change our course in good earnest, our professions of Christianity are naught, and our boast of equal rights and impartial laws is a falsehood that ought to blister our tongues when we utter it. It behooves editors, writers, and artists to use their influence kindly and conscientiously on this subject. I was disgusted with a picture in *Harper's Weekly*, representing Gen. Sheridan, looking as fierce as a tiger, thrashing a trembling little Indian, who begs he will "talkee" before he whips. "No," replies the General, "I will whip you first, and talkee afterward." These words, though unintentionally, tell truly the humiliating story of our relations with the Indian tribes. We slaughter them in hot haste for some outrage they have committed, without inquiring what outrage provoked their retaliation. It is all "whip first, and talkee afterward."

But the world is bound to move onward; and the big, strong brothers of the human family will not always deem it the most honorable attitude to be represented as thrashing the little ones.

A WOMAN'S LETTERS FROM WASHINGTON.

FEBRUARY, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

ATTORNEY-GENERAL EVARTS has little reason to suppose that he played an unpopular part in the "Impeachment Trial," if he may judge by the thousands who enter his house to enjoy its hospitality. The truth is, a man may do as he pleases, be it good or ill; but, if he have place and power, he will be followed, courted, bowed down to, just the same, in Washington. In no other place in the land does personality, individual merit count for so little as here. Mr. Public Man goes into the country; Farmer Pudge passes him by with a stiff nod and an irate countenance. Palpably Farmer Pudge has no use for Hon. Public Man. He wants nothing of him—no department place, no passage of a bill, nothing at all, save that Mr. P. should be an honest man and do his duty. That's the rub! Farmer Pudge thinks the Hon. Public is not an honest man, has *not* done his duty, and treats him accordingly. He measures him for just what he is, gauged by the Pudge conscience. So with most of the good country people: they are dissatisfied with Mr. Public Man's course in Congress, and have made up their minds not to re-elect him, and their manner toward him corresponds precisely with their opinion of his individual merit; or, perhaps they like him very well, on the whole—are rather proud of "our member." Yet it does not occur to them to run after him, to flatter, and toady, and buy him for any personal purpose whatever. Among the people he is judged by the accepted standards of manhood; is respected or despised as he fulfills, or fails to fulfill, the test. In Washington a faithful few may cleave to his individual self; but the eager ten thousand who "card" and call on him, who send presents to his wife and bouquets to his daughters—it is to the place and the power, not to the man, that they more than metaphorically bend the knee. They'd bend it as quickly to Beelzebub, provided he wielded these mighty adjuncts—influence and place! And here in Washington they wouldn't "call" on the Angel Gabriel himself if he were "out of office" and could not blow his trumpet. Thus cards fall faster than snow-flakes into the receivers of the newly-born to power. Carriages block the street about their dwellings. Gifts pour in upon them. But the functionaries who have had their day—they are left to the solitude of profitable meditations. Madame! your back may rest, so may your throat and your weary tongue. You are just as sweet a woman as you were last winter (those who love you know that); but the dear ten thousand who courtesied, and smirked, and sipped your French chocolate out of dainty cups last season have forgotten all about it. They are going through the same gyrations in that parlor over yonder, lisping the same unmeaning compliments. With their eyes fixed upon the rising planet, how can they think of you? At least, they don't. So they see the show, so they dance at Vanity Fair, what matters it to them who fills the role, who pays the bills? Your parlors are empty, your halls are silent. No carpet covers your sidewalk. No carriages block the way. You are going out from this great Washington house. With your trunks and your babies, you are going home. With your husband whom you love you are going back to a simpler and truer life—to the friends who hold you dear for what you are. Let nobody pity you. *You* are the happy woman. I don't know that all this has anything special to do with the reception at the Attorney-General's, last night, of which I started to tell you, many words back. Only it occurred to me, as I looked around those radiant parlors, that everybody there had forgiven him, at least for that evening. Mr. Evarts defending Andrew Johnson in the Senate Chamber and Mr. Evarts in the midst of his family receiving his "friends" suggested very different thoughts. There stood a true patter and materfamilias; behind them their smiling daughters; between them their baby—their eleventh child, a bright boy, in black velvet and gay sash, whose child-face gave an added welcome and helped to make every one happy and at ease. The grand head of the Chief Justice towered above all other guests. Mr. Chase has in a rare degree the power of presence; that presence would have carried him to the White House, if it had not been for a few drawbacks. Among the senators present was the strong, anxious face of Doolittle, the cold face of Edmonds, the classical face of Howe, the calm face of Sherman, the benignant face of Pomeroy, with the beautiful face of his wife by his side. Among members present were Mr. Ferriss and Mr. Laflin, of New York; Mr. Hale, of New York; Mr. Smith and Mr. Woodbridge, of Vermont; General Garfield, and General Banks. Of feminine costume there was every variety, from the unassuming reception-dress to the most outre of make-believe "full dress." Let me say to the wearers of the latter, Don't shrug in contempt at poor ballet-girls. Don't lift up your hands in horror even at "model artists." Inexorable poverty has driven many a poor girl to that. Necessity has compelled her to sell for money to buy her bread what you so eagerly barter for nothing—what you barter for admiration, though it brings you nothing but contempt. And don't utter any little affected shrieks over your brothers and lovers going to "Canterbury." They will, probably, see little more corrupting there than at every "German" where they dance with you—though it is said to your shame.

Nothing could have been more elegant and refined than the reception at Mr. Evarts's; but the great social event of the evening was further on in the West End, at "the house of Admiral Lee." Here the old and the new *régime* met in the persons of General Comstock, of General Grant's staff, and Miss "Bettie Blair," the daughter of Montgomery Blair, who had been married an hour before, at the Church of the Ascension. Fifteen hundred persons had been invited to celebrate their nuptials. It would be difficult to imagine a more resplendent company, one representing a wider range of opinions or more extended spheres of influence. Usually the bridegroom is of little account on such occasions; but this bridegroom won the admiration of all beholders. Dressed in full uniform, tall, soldierly in bearing, with a frank, manly face, he looked in every lineament a noble man. The bride, of course, looked lovely in white satin, tulle, and orange flowers, surrounded by her bridesmaids, all beautiful Blairs of the third generation. In a cushioned chair near sat Lady Blair, the mother of all the Blairs—a stately old empress, still unbent with the burden of many years. With her silver hair and silver-gray dress, and her black eyes still full of fire, she looked little older than her daughter, the hostess of the evening, Mrs. Lee. The father of the Blairs, the old maker of presidents, looked not less than a centenarian, and has in truth outlived his contemporaries. Near him stood his towering sons—Montgomery and Gen. Francis P., Jr. We were in a stronghold of the Blairs. In every room, on every wall hung a picture of a Blair. And wherever we turned there were living Blairs, old and young, ugly and beautiful; and it is but just to add, generously hospitable. In every room but the parlors there were bountiful refreshments. Coffee and tea steamed up stairs, costly wines and wicked punches distilled their perfumes below; on the tables were meats and viands of every description. Then the assemblage! Pouring into the wide halls, pressing into the parlors, crowding up stairs and down, dancing in one room, devouring in another—it will take more than the pen of "Polyanthus" to portray it. The glittering regalias of the army and navy; the stars of foreign legations, the blaze of diamonds; hair powdered with gold, hair powdered with silver; white wigs above fair young faces; robes of satin and robes of tulle, all blended in the gorgeous *mêlé*. Here were many senators and members of Congress, with their wives and daughters. Here were Gen. Grant, Gen. Stoneman, Gen. Thomas, Gen. Humphreys, Gen. Schofield, Gen. Parker (the "big Injun" who married the Washington belle), and many other officers. Here, too, was Secretary Seward, who seems to have renewed his youth. In one room Secretary Wells was gazing upward, as if looking into eternity through his spectacles. In another, the Secretary of War was cutting snips from a turkey and eating them to his stomach's content. Shallows of ices and saucers of oysters were making perilous passage over powdered heads, lovely *gros grains*, exquisite satins; and not always without sorrow and soil to the latter. Until twelve o'clock the crowd was so dense as to be almost undistinguishable. The dancers had no room. The heat was oppressive. "O dear!" said a rosebud of a maid, stretching her fair arms to me from behind a barricade of mortals. "O dear! to be here, and a wall-flower, is dreadful." But the next day she informed me that "after twelve o'clock it was perfectly lovely, and she danced the German till two o'clock in the morning." For which excess, oh! divines of Chicago, blame her "ma," not me. For no one knoweth better than deponent that among the crimes of fashionable parties none are greater than their false hours, which drain beauty, and youth, and life itself. Long before two of the morning, my INDEPENDENT, the gate of dreams had closed peacefully on your

M. C. A.

THE MAKING OF MONKS.

ROME, Jan. 15th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

I DISAPPROVE of the practice of attending public executions; but yesterday I saw one. It was not of the two poor fellows who tried to blow up the barracks. They were put to death some weeks ago; and a great pity it was, too, to let such saints go out of the world, if the accounts are true which the Church has published of the holy condition into which prison discipline, mixed with spiritual, had brought them. But this execution of yesterday was a far sadder one: it was of two educated men, who were beheaded into the Benedictine order of monks. What grand old marbles they had for blocks! And any officials so gorgeously dressed as were the executioners I have not seen in Rome, excepting the Holy Father himself, who is always the incarnation of damask and needlework.

The sun did not shine. How could it! The church looked gray and cold in all its splendor; it was the Basilica of San Paulo, outside the walls, which was burnt down (in the 1,500th year of its age) some forty years ago, and which all the popes and sovereigns of Roman Catholicism have been hard at work ever since building up. It is not done yet; but it has marbles, and porphyrys, and mosaics, and full-length glass saints, enough to turn the head of any active-minded traveler with or without Murray in his hand. The present Pope is to be buried in it, they say, in a recess under a very high altar, where there is already a part of St. Paul, guarded by rows of lights which never go out. Simple hearted old Pius IXth looks as if he would like a little corner of the Campagna better—if it be proper to speak of a corner in a field whose only boundaries are such far off gray mountains. But, poor popes! their lives cannot be pleasant, and even in their death they must not be divided from pomp.

The Benedictines had considerately spread down a large gay carpet in front of the altar, and a fine bit of old tapestry under the chairs where spectators were to sit. This gave to the place a shade of a domestic look which was comforting. The monks, wrapped in thin black cloaks, sat in two solemn half-circles, to right and left of the altar. The abbot, and the priests who were to assist him in the mass, blazed with scarlet and gold. Two Dominican monks, in their white—which always manages, somehow, to look as gloomy as black—sat at the head of the right-hand row of Benedictines, and completed the sharp contrasts of color.

Presently the mass began, and went on just as usual, with its bowings, and swingings, and chantings. The routine of it is as incomprehensible to me to-day as it was the first time I saw it. I am always haunted by a grotesque fancy of an invisible prompter, who must be hid somewhere, calling out, "Forward two and back!" "Change partners!" And I am lost in admiration of the little boys; it is so wonderful that such babies can learn to always come in at the right minute, and always bring the right bit of gold or silver.

It took them a long time to get their abbot dressed. What important religious end could be left unattained if they put on their clothes at home? And as for the washing of hands, it does seem, where there is so much else to be done, that at least might be made right beforehand. We grew very impatient of all this; and I am afraid that, if the poor souls had changed their minds at the eleventh hour, and decided not to be made into monks, we should have been as disappointed as an English mob is when a reprieve cheats it of its inhuman pleasure in a hanging.

At last they came led in by the master of novices, and knelt before the abbot. They could not have been more than twenty-five years old: both faces were fine and cultured; and one was so sweet, and strong, and pure, that it was hard to look away from it. At once their earnest spirit made itself felt in the air. All the ceremonies were lifted into solemnity by the faces of these men. Each carried in his hand a small square paper, with an illuminated border. This was the confession of their faith, which they read aloud in firm, clear tones, then signed, and carried it first to the abbot and afterward to all the monks in turn, to show their signatures. Then they knelt down and took the three great vows—obedience, poverty, and chastity. After each vow, prayers were chanted that they might keep this vow till death. Next came the kiss of peace. This brought tears to all eyes. The two men knelt down on scarlet velvet cushions, at the abbot's right hand; and, one by one, all the other monks came up, threw their arms round their necks, and kissed them. While this was going on, the master of novices unrolled a great square of black velvet, heavily embroidered in gold, and spread it on the floor in front of the altar. It must have been some ten feet square. At one end of this they laid two black velvet pillows; next the coverlid—heavy black cloth, gold-corded, with a tassel at each corner. It took them so long a time to make this bed that it grew less solemn to see, which was fortunate; because at first it seemed as if it would be more than human nature could bear to see live men lie down under that pall.

At last all was folded and turned at precisely the right angle, the tall lighted tapers at each end, and the two little boys placed at the upper corners holding up the pall by the tassels. Dear little souls! I had watched them through the whole service, almost more than I had the monks. One was perhaps ten, the other could not have been more than eight. The elder one looked as if he were really grappling with the mysteries around us—his face was sad and intent; but the little one looked as jolly as if he were playing with tin soldiers. He could not force himself to walk with a slow, steady step; but took every now and then a hop, skip, and jump, which it gladdened my heart to see, and which gave droll whisks to his little dismal black petticoat. Several times I saw him take hold of the hand of some priest who stood near him; and they all seemed fond of the little fellow. Poor, lonely men, how can they bear to clasp the sweet fingers of children!

Now came the moment of dying to the world. This is the moment when mothers' and sisters' hearts give way as they look on. No wonder. The silence, the the funeral tapers at the head and feet, the low strains of the dirges for the dead. The moments seemed like hours. The little children's arms tremble; they ache, holding up the heavy pall. The outlines of the men's bodies look rigid as frozen death itself. The candle flames waver and grow dim. The music sinks lower and lower; these are the funeral psalms. The air seems to grow stifling. "Oh!" our hearts cry out, "where is Christ! From this grave comes a louder cry than from that of Lazarus." At last it is over. The pall is thrown back; a priest, standing by the flaring candle, reads from a jeweled book the command to the men to come forth in the name of the Lord. With faces full of solemn joy they rise, and go again to the altar, and kneel down before the abbot. During the whole of the time that they have been lying under the pall, in stifling darkness, they have been repeating to themselves the psalms for the dead. The moments have seemed to them the supreme moments of their lives. You cannot look in their faces and doubt this. God help them if a day comes in which they look back and see a flash of freedom's light on the birthright they have sold.

They remained kneeling before the abbot for some minutes, and he addressed them with great earnestness. Then they took their places side by side in the brotherhood. All was finished. They were now Benedictine monks, bound body and soul.

During the rest of the mass they knelt with their faces buried in their cloaks. After the benediction, as they walked away among their new-made brothers, I saw their faces distinctly. They shone. They were like the faces of angels. Such a look of rapt exaltation I have never seen. I fancied that some of the men walking by their side looked at them with unutterable pity. Certainly the contrast between their look of ecstasy and illumination and the look of disciplined suffering on the faces about them was startling. Probably these pitying men remembered their own first day of monastic life, when to their eyes also heaven seemed to be open, and God present in the flesh and life promised to be but one long, blessed vision of communion with saints.

What convulsion must there be in a man's soul when this overwrought ecstasy dies out, and into the gloomy reaction come questionings and misgivings, if not antagonism and hatred.

No history, no analysis of the Roman Catholic religion can tell more than can be read in the faces of her monks and priests to-day.

There are three classes of them. Faces weak, credulous, emotional—these belong to devout, happy men: barefoot, and dirty, and poor, perhaps, but still devout and happy; clothed in purple or in scarlet, perhaps, but still weak, credulous, devout, happy.

Other faces are scarred and harrowed, telling of conflicts unutterable; conflicts with flesh, conflicts still fiercer with spirit. Looking into such a face to-day, you ask yourself, "Will this man to-morrow escape or die! One of the two must be close at hand."

Then there is a third class. Faces hard, bitter, treacherous—with a hardness, a bitterness, a treacherousness which no words can describe. Dungeons and chains and racks were their voice when they dared; and the voice is silent only from fear to-day. These are they at the very sight of whom a free soul rises up in instant longing to do battle. They are not always in high seats. They are quite as often seen toiling along in the sun, bareheaded, barefooted, pale, haggard, poor; but there is the very incarnation of tyrannies and cruelties in their look. I see all these faces every day; and, every day, as I turn away from them, I look more and more yearningly westward, and think I see in the sky, more and more transfigured in beauty, glory, divinity, the face of *Freedom!* H. H.

THRENODY.

BY WILLIAM H. BURLEIGH.

I.

NEVERMORE shall mother-breast
Be the pillow of thy rest;
Nevermore thy laughing eye
To the mother's glance reply;
Nor the lisping, loving word
From thy baby-lips be heard;
Nor thy thousand little wiles
Kindle all her face with smiles.

II.

From the shelter of that breast
Thou hast gone to deeper rest;
Sunny eye and laughing lips
Darkly sleep in Death's eclipse,
And the grave's cold shadow now
Veils the whiteness of thy brow;
While the mother, night and morn,
Sorrows for her latest-born.

III.

Yet I ween 'tis well with thee,
Early from thy thralldom free,
Ere thine eye had caught a glance
Of our sad inheritance;
Or thine ear had learned to know
All the dialect of woe;
Or the light thy soul within
Faded in the murk of sin.

IV.

While the music of the spheres
Trembled on thine infant ear,
And the Angels made thy dreams
Luminous with Eden-gleams,
Death—himself an Angel—came,
Tenderly he touched thy frame,
And thy spirit from its clay
Leapt exultingly away!

V.

Now, amid the ransomed throng,
Overflow thy lips with song:
Never did so sweet a note
Cleave the air from mortal throat;
Never heard the ear of Time
Strains so holy and sublime,
All whose tender minors tell
Of a bliss ineffable!

VI.

Is it *losing*, to have given
One to swell the songs of Heaven,
Ere his happy spirit knew
Aught to stain its virgin hue?
Henceforth, to our spirit-sight
Shall that World be doubly bright,
And intenser longings burn
In our hearts, till we, in turn,
Chastened, sanctified, and blest,
Pass serenely to our rest.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN GERMANY.

MUNICH, Dec. 18th, 1868.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

AFTER we had our first snow, and when the streets were in that condition which always paralyzes the efforts of a New York contractor, I saw on a raw afternoon a sight that would make any American indignant. As I came out upon the broad Brienner-strasse, just there by the statue of Schiller, there were half a dozen women in a line, with hoes and shovels, standing deep in the cold slush, scraping and cleaning the street. I cannot say that they seemed inadequate to the task; for they were stalwart creatures, with broad backs, legs like those of a pianoforte, and very roughly clad, with men's boots and some even with men's hats. They swept and strode along in a powerful way, and made clean work of it; so that I cannot deny that women are better street-cleaners than men. As I went on a few steps further, past Thorwaldsen's equestrian statue of the Elector Max, and came to the Ludwig-strasse, a royal carriage drove out of the portals of the old Residenz. The Queen Mother occupied the carriage, and, as she passed, driving right by her mud-scraping sisters, all the gentlemen on the street removed their hats at her approach, and stood uncovered until the emblazoned coach had gone by. And that is what they think of women in Germany.

There is not wanting here a certain outward gallantry paid to women of position and fashion; but that respect for woman herself, founded on the recognition in her of the same powers and capabilities that man has, is very much wanting. I would not in this generalization include some marriages in which I know that the wife is regarded as the intellectual peer of her husband, nor do I speak at all of domestic affection; and yet it remains true, when the best is said, that woman holds a very inferior position here, and that the kindest Germans—such is the force of habit—will receive, if they do not demand, menial services from their wives, which American gentlemen would not accept. We have become accustomed to see women at work in the fields, and there seems to be something not so uncongenial to them in rural labor (if the lazy men did not usually force the hardest part of it on them); but when they are made beasts of burden in the city it becomes more revolting to any manly feeling. Together with men, I every day see them sawing and splitting wood in the streets; but the women always are made to carry the wood into the house, and often up four and five flights of stairs—enormous loads of it, borne in a frame upon the back, under which a stout man would stagger. And not seldom it is an old woman who does this, while her hulking son will pile the sticks upon the poor creature's back, with entire unconsciousness that she is his mother. You see them, too, wheeling heavy loads over the pavements. And they not only do this work of men, but their domestic labor besides; and are expected to wait upon and serve their lords, just as if that was their only occupation in life and must afford them constant pleasure. One could with more patience see women put to the rough work of men, if men would at the same time accept the situation, and consider that it is as proper that they should serve women as that women, in the thousand little offices of life that are left to be done when one is already exhausted with the day's labor, should serve them.

And it is not alone among the lower classes that you find this undervaluation of woman, which expresses itself more practically here than in America, though in theory it may be no worse. There is a more open contempt here for women intellectually. One of the most intelligent Germans I know said to me that he never reads anything written by a woman: you can always detect the authorship, and there is nothing in their books—it don't pay to read them. He was not aware that he was simply condemning himself. There is the same prejudice, to a great extent, among artists. They always discover that women's pictures are weak, and, on the whole, are to be discouraged. There is a portrait by Angelica Kaufmann hanging in the old Pinakothek, which I would rather possess than almost anything I ever saw by a Munich artist, and which, in mingled grace, tenderness, and force, no colorist here to-day can approach; and yet I have heard it damned with faint praise by artists as a woman's pic

The Independent.

BELKNAP & BROTHERS.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

THE three brothers Belknap were partners in a heavy business in the city of New York. They had come from one of the coldest and most unproductive counties in the State of New Hampshire, where the chill winds from the White Mountains cooled and shortened the summers, belated the springs, and lengthened the autumns and winters. They had all worked hard on the little rocky farm where they were born, faithful to its interests and its owner (their old father), till they successively became 'one and twenty." But, once free, with the pluck and resolution which characterize a great proportion of New England boys, they determined to do better; and they have. The oldest, Leverett—having first tried his luck in the great city, where his steady habits, persevering industry, and fidelity to his employers had soon raised him to a responsible post, and by and by to share in the concern—had made a sure and successful opening for the second and third; who had with him eventually entered into business and a partnership of their own, under the name which serves as our title. This business, honestly and energetically conducted, had marvelously prospered; and they found themselves in no long time, not only free from debt, but on the high road to wealth. The youngest brother, Thaddeus, had remained at home with the old folks upon the little farm, expecting to "see them through," with the aid of his more fortunate brothers in the city. But the call for men to go forth and defend the nation's life had resounded among the mountains of New Hampshire, as well as in all other parts of the loyal North, and Thaddeus Belknap could not resist the patriotic impulses of his honest heart; so he enlisted among the first in his county, and marched away to the "roll of the stirring drum and the trumpet that sings of fame."

He went; but he came not back again when victory perched upon our banners, and bells, and cannon, and shouts echoed from ocean to ocean, proclaiming that the hydra heads of rebellion had been beaten down. No; his name and immortal fame were with that ghastly army who starved in prison at Andersonville, that the nation might banquet in perpetual abundance, and transmit a noble liberty and life to the remotest generations!

A young and amiable wife and two flaxen-headed urchins remained in the old homestead, to fulfill as best they might the charge Thaddeus had undertaken; and times would have been hard enough, but for the supplies from the city which generously supplemented the scanty products of the little farm.

"Come, boys," said Belknap, aged fifty, to Bros., respectively forty-eight and forty, as they entered the counting-room, in —— street, one bright November morning, from their respective places of abode. "Come, boys, it's time for our annual raid upon the White Hills. Got your frocks, and mittens, and overalls ready?"

Bros. shrugged their four broad shoulders.

"That's a fact," said one; and "Sure enough," said the other.

"Well, let's be off to-morrow morning, then," said Belknap.

"Too soon," said John, the eldest of Bros. "We're just a little too busy at present. For one, I must send a delegate this year. The clerks could never ——"

"Not a word of that chronic croak of yours," put in Belknap. "Barker will manage just as well as ever in our absence. And the old folks think too much of it to be disappointed, without some better reason than we can give at this time or any other."

"Besides, John," said Harris Belknap, the junior member of the firm, "we ought to know that nothing ever goes wrong while we make this trip. It's part of our annual business, and a very pleasant and profitable business too; we should fail if we omitted it a single year; and think of our paper dishonored, and twenty cents on the dollar!"

A smart slap on the back from Belknap, Senior, gave token of approbation from that quarter. John succumbed; and all was understood and arranged without another word.

You seldom see three finer-looking men than Belknap & Bros., as they entered the cars for ——, N. H., next morning. Large, portly fellows, with thick, manly boards (such as grow in the tough latitudes of New England), just a little sprinkled with silver. Their arms are full of parcels, picked up on the way to the depot, for which there was no room probably in the three large trunks, each labeled "Belknap," which, with a due amount of dragging and swearing on the part of the porters, have just been deposited in the baggage-car. The bell rings; the people rush and hurry to take their seats. "All aboard!" shouts the conductor, and away they go.

"Hurrah! Here they come!" shouted a hale old man, with snow-white hair, as he opened the "*fore door*," where the stage had just stopped, and was now relieving itself of the weight of three stout men and three big iron-bound trunks, marked "Belknap & Bros," with sundry parcels and bundles, whose wrappers were somewhat travel-soiled from much handling.

The lonesome cottage of Farmer Belknap rang next moment with gladsome greetings, peals of laughter, and hearty smacks from hairy lips upon a grave, sweet old face, in its feminine beauty and geniality so like Belknap & Bros. that you were no longer at a loss to know whence they derived their good looks.

"Well, boys, I'm right glad to see ye," said Father Belknap, when the room was quiet again, as he had settled into his armchair and stood his cane in the corner. "I've been looking for ye some time. Your ma'am has been kind o' poorly this Fall. But you al'ays cheer us up mightily, and do us more good than ye know of."

"Yes, father, that's just what we've come for," said Harris Belknap "And I hope you've got plenty of work for us to do; for we're all able-bodied, you see, and it will never do to have three such big fellows hanging round idle—soon get into mischief."

"Haw! haw! Yes, there's plenty of work for ye. Mary Ann, and I, and the little chaps have done what we could to get ready for Winter. But there's a good deal behindhand that we couldn't hire anybody to do; work-folks are so scarce up here. But we've got the corn all husked, and the 'tatoes and turnips in the cellar."

"First rate!" replied Harris to the old man's account of his labors. "Well, we'll look round to-morrow, and you shall be boss while we do the work. Mary Ann, now give us a tremendous supper; and then we will go to bed and get our strength up. You'll find a row of bundles on the buttery shelf, and one of the trunks unstrapped in the kitchen. Mother," he went on, "are the frocks and overalls ready? Have you mended that monstrous hole I tore last year while patching up the pig-pen?"

But the other boys were talking to "mother" at the same time about the wives and grandchildren left behind in New York—how smart they were, how fast they grew, and how they all wanted to come; so he got no answer to his question.

Supper was soon ready, and the great, hearty appetites were fully satisfied. Then came the evening prayer, and by nine o'clock the cottage is quiet and every soul beneath its roof asleep.

Beneath the roof we said; for it was literally under the bare brown rafters, in the same spot where they had slept in boyhood, that Belknap & Bros. sought rest after their hard day's ride. Indeed, they always preferred this spacious and breezy apartment to the small spare room; for here they could bear each other company, and converse, and laugh, and snore together, as in younger days.

With the daylight the brothers were principally awake; at least, any sleep that inhered in the firm after that time was duly discharged by certain vigorous punches that did not at all consist with somnolence.

"My stars, John, said Belknap, Senior, "do you see the holes in this roof? One, two, three, four, five I can count without turning my head. Fact, boys, if it had been snowing or raining last night, we should have had a sprinkling, I can tell you."

"True enough," said John, rubbing his eyes; "lots of the shingles gone. Well, the roof is old; we ought to get a carpenter and have it well mended!" John finished with a tremendous yawn.

"Get a carpenter, man!" scoffed Belknap. "You'd waste what little time we can stay in hunting a carpenter, would you? and then be pretty sure not to have the work done before mid-winter. I know the ways of these up-country folks, and so do you. Everybody is his own carpenter here. No, old chap, this roof has got to be newly shingled, and you've got to do your third of it; so no excuses or shirking." John gave in, as usual, and the plan of operations was all settled before they went down to breakfast.

After doing ample justice to that early and appetizing meal, and attending to the simple rite of household worship, which for more than a half century had daily sanctified the cottage of Farmer Belknap, they proceeded to put the plan in execution with an energy quite characteristic of the family. One was dispatched with the ox-team to the neighboring saw-mill, to procure the shingles; another harnessed up the old gray mare, to go to the nearest store for tools and nails; the third, with the help of the old man and the widow's boys, set himself to the erection of the low staging and the removal of the old, weather-rotted shingles. When all was in readiness to commence, you should have seen the glee and jollity which pervaded every nook and corner of that obscure dwelling among the hills. Belknap & Bros., clad in overalls and roundabouts of blue drilling, with old cast-off hats and caps on their heads, flourished their hammers and hurrahed for Grant and Colfax on the roof; which so enlivened the old gentleman that he ran up the ladder like a gray squirrel, and, waving his hat, while the breeze did the same with his white locks, called for another round. Thad.'s boys yelled and capered, and went heels over head on the grass. "Ma'am" and Mary Ann stood at the door, approving and enjoying everything.

And now they went to work in earnest; and the rap-a-tap of four industrious hammers made an accompaniment to the boisterous glee that seemed to be irrepressible in every body'sheart. Such funny stories as were told; such jokes as were cracked; such quarts of ginger beer as were drank; such loads of brown bread and cheese as were eaten; such a universal haw-hawing and hullaballoo, everywhere making a pastime and sport out of useful labor, are beyond my powers of description. The passers-by stopped to wonder and enjoy it; the distant neighbors heard what was going on, and left their own work to come and look on while Belknap & Bros., of New York, shingled with their own hands the roof of the "cot where they were born." It was equal to a training any day, they said. And some of them consented to tarry and lend a hand upon the barn-roof, which was soon discovered to be in a very leaky state.

Well, in the course of a few days the shingling was done, and all the other *chores* needed about the premises. The house was banked up with tan, the grape-vines and apple-trees trimmed, the fences repaired, and everything made sung and sound. The last job remained—to get up the winter's stock of wood, which was already cut and seasoned in the wood-lot. John would have flinched again here, if he could (for, to tell the truth, John didn't like hard work); but it was of no use, the steady wheel-horses, Leverett and Harris, held him firm, and never once allowed him to kick out of the traces. With cart and oxen three generations of Belknaps took the road to the wood-lot, not far behind the cottage, on one of those breezy swells whose neighbors rise higher and higher till they overlook all New England and her rock-bound coast for many a mile, calling themselves the White Mountains.

And here another jubilation took place, to the music of which the old woods and rocky hights echoed delightedly.

It was no work at all with the patient and clever oxen to get the wood to the door; the rub came when Belknap & Bros. buckled down to the sawing, splitting, and preparing it for the great kitchen-stove which warmed the whole house. But, by dint of industry, well seasoned with fun and sustained with bread and cheese in frequent and rousing lunches, it was all accomplished in an incredibly short time; and only a few blisters and bruises remaining *on hand* to show what its cost had been to Belknap & Bros.

And now the time had come when this redoubtable firm must return to the city branch of their business, from which they had constantly been in receipt of good tidings through Barker. The contents of the big trunks had been applied to the internal comfort of the cottage family. Warm, thick garments for winter wear; a couple of nice buffalo-robes, to make the two-mile rides to church more enjoyable, with a blanket for old Pokey, the gray mare; fur caps and collars for the old man and the boys; a thousand little knick-knacks for "ma'am" and Mary Ann. Just exactly what each one most needed, or specially desired; the chinks being all filled up with little packages from the grocer, the tea-merchant, and the apothecary, to say nothing of a certain mysterious box, secretly confided to the custody of Mary Ann, against the coming holidays, for the boys.

The evening before their departure Belknap & Bros. had a long talk with the widow about her lost soldier and his children.

"Don't have one moment's anxiety about these boys, sister," said the elder brother; "they are ours to care for and bring up, as a debt due to the dead, which the most we can possibly do can never pay. Let them grow and toughen in this homely and healthy life, as we did. Give them good motherly counsel, Mary Ann, and train them in the fear of God, which the good Book says is the beginning of wisdom. Send them to the district school, and require that they should be studious and obedient. Teach them to govern themselves; to love the living and revere the dead; to serve you and their aged grandparents in every way they can; to keep the Sabbath; to hate meanness, lying, and profanity; to love labor as well as play, and never to shirk their duty; in short, lay the foundation broad and strong upon which we may afterward safely build their future."

This long speech having been finished, and duly responded to by each member of the firm, while Mary Ann's motherly heart overflowed at her eyes, they separated for the night.

Next morning the stage reloaded those three burly men, more hale and ruddy than before, and having added several pounds avoir-dupois to their respective weights, while the big trunks had lost several hundreds. So they took their departure, leaving such a track of sunshine behind them as will stretch through all the weary winter, making it genial and joyful.

We trust there are other firms in New York, and elsewhere, who have added as largely to their profits this Fall as Belknap & Bros. of that species of gain which does not perish with the using; but which stands to their credit at a coming day, when the 'books shall be opened,' and their accounts finally made up from the 'things written therein.'

THE DROPPED STITCHES.

BY MRS. M. E. M. SANGSTER.

SITTING alone in the corner,
In her own old easy-chair,
With the firelight softly falling
On her beautiful gray hair,
She's knitting away at a stocking,
Rounding the heel to-night;
And nobody knits like mother,
Though age is dimming her sight.

Glancing like silver, the needles
Backward and forward go,
And the rings on her thin white fingers
Are flashing to and fro.
There's the golden band that has never
Been off since her wedding-day,
And the hoop encrusted with diamonds,
From Tom, when he went away—

Away at the beck of fortune,
To the far-off China seas,
While his mother compassed his out-bound ship
Day and night on her knees,
Pleading that wind and weather
For Tom might ever be fair,
And that never the boy might wander
Out of reach of his mother's prayer.

This blue-mixed sock—it reminds her
Of some she sent to the camp,
For Willie to wear, poor soldier-boy,
To keep his feet from the damp.
And Willie, he never wore them,
His tired feet were still—
Oh! so still in a narrow grave
On the side of a Southern hill.

It's wonderful—she remembers
The first little sock she knit,
A wee thing, white and dainty,
Marveling, "would it fit?"
Tucking it by in her basket,
As if half it were a sin,
And fearing lest careless eyes should see
The dreams she was knitting in.

Dear little baby Alice!
Never was babe so sweet.
Alice's own are all very well,
But ah! those dimpled feet
That she fondled and kissed so often,
That she taught to walk alone—
They are walking life's long pathway,
They are hurt by many a stone.

Knitting alone is the mother,
And the firelight softly falls
On the pleasant room of the household,
On the beautiful pictured walls;
But I think, when the lamps of evening
Scatter the shadows there,
They gleam over nothing half so sweet
As the mother's silver hair.

And oh! she has dropped her stitches:
To be sure, it is not strange,
Since she herself has been far away
Beyond this world of change;
Away for a half-hour's vision,
To the realms of the brave and leal,
Where the loved of the past are together,
In the land of endless weal.

HOW GOD SPOKE "OUT LOUD" TO HEZEKIAH DEE.

BY SARAH J. PRITCHARD.

A LONG line of houses, on either side of a long village street; and every one was and is plain, prim, white, and sweet. Green blinds guard the windows, and solemn evergreen trees sentinel the gateways; and happy the house whereunto they do not creep, and over which they do not spread their branches in this old, old village.

The years are so much alike in it that sometimes it seems as if now and then a year forgot to make its mark on certain faces; for they who own the faces get no advance on the plain of age, but stand and look upon the coming generation as if waiting for it to overtake them. "Life is peaceful there," I think I hear you say. You are right. It is as peaceful here as sin permits it to be anywhere; and, because it is peaceful, it is intense.

They who plow the sea and they who plow the land think; and much travel in the same circle of thought hardens and polishes it down, until you find no men more "set in their way," as the New Englanders say, than seamen and farmers.

Unfortunately, many of them inherit thought, as it were, all ready worn, hardened, and annealed, and so well worked that the heirs seldom take the trouble to unwind their inheritance and trace it to its source. So they go on in the same process, still working in the same groove, until at last it gets so narrow and deep that some child, born into it, finds the channel of thought so far down that he feels suffocated, and longs to get up to the level of his own soul, and start out on a new and fresh trail across the plain of existence.

In one of the prim, white, and sweet houses of the long village street lived Hezekiah Dee, an old man and a good man.

Once, years and years ago, he fell in with the Tempter's troops, and went with them a march or two, mingled in a few battles; and, coming out from the warfare bruised and war-touched, he never was able to feel himself again the bright, brave youth that had gone marching into the Dark Land.

However, his heart throbbed high with noble endeavor, and his nature grew to love sweet inspirations whenever and wherever he met them—in Scripture, Nature, his own spirit or that of another.

In the same house with Hezekiah Dee lived his daughter, Huldah, and his grandchild, commonly called "Chick."

Huldah was a widow. Chick was an orphan.

Once, and for many years, the white, prim house was filled with Dees. No dwelling place on all the street swelled so with humanity as this one of which we write. To Heaven some of the number are gone, to the world more; until, in his old age, Hezekiah Dee welcomed to his roof one child and one grandchild.

Hezekiah Dee had served the earth well. He had ploughed deep, sown well; then watched, waited, and garnered in due time and always with success. Let me whisper to this bit of paper a secret: The man was old-fashioned—what one would call "real old-fashioned"; maybe he was "as old-fashioned as the hills." I cannot tell: all that I know positively about it is that he was old-fashioned enough to believe in God; and so he gave his land rest one year in seven, and was rewarded by old-fashioned crops, that overflowed into new barns.

Now, there was a church in the town; and it stood whiter, primmer, sweeter than any of the houses on the street. Look up the long street, and on that hill yonder is the church. The pastor is old, his feet are full of the tremor of excitement that comes when the walls are seen and the gate of entrance is near. The deacons are old, the people who go up to worship are old to such extent that in that church one's eyes go searching involuntarily for the face of youth and the heads of little children. They are so rare there that they seem doubly dear to sight.

For the past forty years Hezekiah Dee has been chosen to fill every vacancy that has been caused by death or removal in the office of deacon. And every time the old man has declined, with tears of regret and words of pathos; and yet no office in all the world has this plain farmer, Hezekiah Dee, coveted but that one of bread-and-wine-bearer for his Master. What loves of riches, and honor, and station are to other men was this love to him, and every time it had been offered to him he had remembered the marches and the battles with the Tempter's troops, and drawn back, crying, "Unworthy! unworthy!"

Now, Chick Dee had not much in common with the long street or its inhabitants. Although her father had been born and "brought up" and out of the house that she had been brought to shelter in, nothing of all the quiet, staid propriety belonging to parson and place clung to her. The child's individuality seemed a new gift, straight from a creative God, of Now—it was so fresh, and sweet, and true. It ignored the past so, and took hold on the present, and put out such vivid grasps on the future, that sometimes the child made her grandfather look up with wonder, and ask himself whether the child was like other children; and then, for answer, he remembered that every parent thinks *his child* like no other one. The only thing that really discouraged the man was that he could not teach Chick the smallest portion of reverence for time or place.

Last New Year's Day, amid the great storm that swept and whitened leagues of the land, Deacon De Witt, of the White Church yonder, sat in his chair before his house-fire and breathed himself into Heaven, it was said. He was found in the early gloaming, sitting there, dead.

"I guess you'll *have* to be deacon, now, grandfather," said Chick, when her Aunt Huldah entered and told the story of Deacon De Witt's death. "I shouldn't wonder," she said, "if God should manage to tell you so right out loud *some way*."

"Hush! hush! Chick. You frighten me," said Hezekiah Dee, "stalking so. Don't, little one." But some way the words had caused the man's face to shine; and it could shine so bright, because there were so few wrinkles to light up.

Chick said no more at that time.

Soon after came the Sunday on which the sacrament of the Last Supper was kept. Not one word had been said to Hezekiah Dee about accepting the again vacant office; and the man thought that his brethren had given him up. But he went up to the church on that Sunday loving in soul and devout in mind, with a fast-beating heart; and yet he knew full well how, if the office should be offered him, the Tempter's troops would march and countermarch between the present and the past, and so again keep him out of the Canaan of his wandering heart. The day came, the time, and the service. On the table lay the bread and the wine. The pastor uncovered the bread and the wine. He looked over the congregation, and his eye rested on Hezekiah Dee.

"Brother Dee, will you come forward and assist in this service?"

The question rang clear and solemn through the house.

Hezekiah Dee trembled, and did not move. Chick was sitting between her grandfather and the pew-door. She glanced up in his face, and whispered, "*Do go!*" He did not move; and all in a little minute Chick was up and out of the pew, her little feet hastening up the aisle, her clear, bird-like voice saying, "I'll do it for grandpa; he can't, he's lame to-day."

Up started Hezekiah Dee from his place in the pew. His tall, erect figure trod the aisle well and firmly. His face was radiant then. God had spoken "right out loud" through the instrumentality of little Chick. He felt that the appointment was from God; and, to his surprise, from that hour the Tempter's troops marched from his sight, to return no more.

Poor little Chick. She was full of sorrow, because she had told that lie about grandfather's being lame; but then she was so glad to have him deacon that her sorrow was soon lost in joy. "Deacon Dee is the best deacon the White Church ever had." That's Chick's opinion.

A CARD.

THEODORE TILTON, ESQ.:

Dear Brother:—As you make THE INDEPENDENT a refuge for honest and well-meaning persons, I beg you to insert the following from *The Congregationalist* of Jan. 28th, with my remarks on it:

"We were a little sorry to see in the card lately published in the *Advance*, in regard to the attack made by the president of Wheaton College upon the College Society and others, the carefulness with which that person was called *Mr.* Blanchard throughout, in place of his usual honorary title; as it seemed to favor of discourtesy. We are surprised now, however, to ascertain that it was the result simply of conscientious accuracy. Rev. Jonathan Blanchard graduated at Middlebury College, in 1833, and took his A. M. there in course; but, if he has ever been made Doctor of Divinity, the thing has been so done in a corner as to have escaped the notice of the usually exact historian of the Triennial Catalogue of that college, which was published the last year. Perhaps "Dr." Blanchard will favor the Christian public with the grounds of his assumption of the title which he arrogates. It is a mighty small thing, to be sure, in these days, to wear such an honor; it is a smaller one, however, to wear it without having received it."

I have written a note to Dr. Dexter, which I trust he will insert in his paper, in answer to his very derogatory charges above of "assuming," "arrogating," and "wearing without receiving" the title of "DOCTOR." I have reminded him that in my twenty-two years and upward as college president I have never conferred a doctorate; that our annual catalogue has always contained my name without any such addition; that I have never written it otherwise; that I have several times declined the title when urged to accept it—in private, of course; that I have once, before some two thousand people in Tremont Temple, corrected the clerk of the American Board, who read my name with the title D.D. But—influenced, I believe, by Dr. N. S. S. Beman, whom I have venerated as I have few living men, and who was called "Dr." for years when no college had conferred on him the title—I have never troubled the "Christian public" with what Dr. Dexter calls "a mighty small thing"; and have avoided classing myself with those who ridicule and accept the title on the one hand, and those who contemptuously reject it on the other.

But I have asked the insertion of this note chiefly to say that I have carefully listened to whatever has reached me through private circles, against my "report" against the College Society; and, though a report covering a quarter of a century of unwritten history, and made up of professed statements of fact, would be a miracle not to contain some minor inaccuracies, I devoutly believe that "Report" contains no material error, and no injustice to any institution or individual named by it. This is, of course, all the answer I can make to the Chicago "card," which, you have already informed your readers, charges me (*without one single specification!*) with "gross slander," or insinuated insanity. Accusations without specifications are railing accusations; and insinuations are worse, since, while railing only betokens anger combined with weakness, insinuations imply malice and cowardice.

As to the question of "Theology"—a word which I have supposed to mean correct religious belief—I have strongly excepted to ideas and views advanced in THE INDEPENDENT, because I have believed them unscriptural. And, either I have misread history, and misjudged the certain tendencies of belief, or vague ideas on any subject, and most of all in religion, are ultimately yet surely fatal to character.

But, while Christ corrected the theories of Samaritans and Sadducees, and withstood their errors, he denounced most terrifically those religious teachers whose "righteousness" was a mere church-righteousness; an "orthodoxy" established by those who had toiled before them, and which could be held without contradiction, and taught without a cross; while they shunned the real practical errors and abuses around them! In this last respect I cannot help seeing and saying that THE INDEPENDENT is, and has been, much more "orthodox" than its upbraiders. May God guide us all. Yours in Christ,

J. BLANCHARD.

WHICH IS THE BEST ORGANIZATION?

BY REV. GEORGE B. CHEEVER, D. D.

THE answer depends upon the object—whether it be life and truth, or power. With the freedom and perfection of man in view, the freest is the best. An organization framed for conquest, power, and unity destroys liberty as effectually as if framed for slavery; and so the life of truth dies as a graft would die if inserted into the timbers of a man-of-war. A graft of life must be grafted into the living olive tree, not into a piece of mahogany. The enforced unity of a mold organized for pressing all souls under one and the same government and form, under peril of penalty for non-conformity, is schism. Out of such schism comes ostracism; it is itself ostracism from Christ, and it produces death.

For living truth grows into lovely and infinite varieties of freedom and life. And hence, when life gets into that despotic organization, it breaks it up. It does not vitalize the organization; but explodes it, sloughs it off as a scurf, a leprosy, a swathe of grave-clothes.

Hence, the promise of the deliverance of earth and the Church from the dominion of the Papacy is not its conversion or its possession by the Spirit of Life, but its destruction. Whom the Lord shall destroy and consume with the brightness of his coming. And, therefore, the call of God resounds. Come out of her, my people! This separation is the intuition of the life of Christ in every converted soul. Conversion to Christ is deliverance *from* the Papacy, not sanctification in it. Romanism is a reproduction of the schism of Samaritanism worshiping in this mountain. The mountain is laid upon the worship. There is no inward faith; but the faith is kept in *word* by the form. It is watched over as a prisoner, lest it escape out of the prison of the church into the freedom of the world. It is kept *from* the world, not *for* the world. It is kept for a power over the world, not for diffusion through the world; for superstition, not for faith; for a talisman and scepter over the conscience, not for freedom of the conscience by the blood of Christ.

Here again is a vital antagonistic difference in the use of truth. The object and unity of Protestantism, under whatever variety of denominations, is the application of truth by the Spirit to the greatest possible number of men's hearts and consciences. For this purpose, true Protestantism, under whatever form, lifts up Christ. "And I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto ME." But Romanism lifts up the sacrifice of the Mass, to draw all men to the Priest, the Church, the Pope. Protestantism preaches Christ, warning every man and teaching every man in all wisdom that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus, till all shall come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto the stature of the perfect man in the fullness of Christ; so that, speaking the truth in love, all may grow up into him in all things, which is the Head, even Christ, from whom the whole body, fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

How to get to every man's conscience with the truth concerning Christ, and to set every man's heart at work in his turn, and all together, in diffusing and applying the same flame and life of the truth in love, is the problem of Protestantism. How to come between Christ and the soul is the problem of Romanism. How to use the truth for others is the problem of Protestantism; how to hide the truth for her own power is the problem of Romanism—how to turn the truth into the most potent engine of superstition and priestcraft or church-power. Most memorable was the last will and testament of the noble martyr, Taylor of Hadley, in 1555: "For God's sake beware of Popery; for, though it appear to have in it unity, yet the same is in vanity and anti-Christianity, and not in Christ's faith and verity."

Now, plainly, the best organization is that which brings the individual soul closest to Christ; that which most abundantly quickens and fosters emotion, sensibility, gratitude toward him; that which gives the largest scope and fullest active play to individual freedom in the truth; that which creates and supplies the most comprehensive and at the same time particular missionary originality and activity of spiritual life with the truth in and for Christ. But the worship, the enthusiasm, the obedience, the activity, which is life if directed toward Christ, is death if directed toward the Church and its aggrandizement, the form and its despotism. Truth itself when held not for Christ is held in unrighteousness; and so held in the Romish Church it is death; and the mixture of truth only serves as Satan's mortar or cement to hold together and consecrate the separating wall, the schismatic prison, that keeps the soul from Christ.

Truth enough, you say, articles of right faith enough in the Romish Church to save the soul. True, indeed, if you could get it pure and simple, with Christ as the object and completeness in him, life in him the end. But it is held in unrighteousness, it is held to keep the soul away from him, and therefore it is death. It is held for the purpose of a grim talisman over the conscience. Whatever power on earth holds the conscience, apart from God, holds the power of supersition, not faith, and is the despot, sitting in the temple of God, holding doctrines as dogmas, as a rack for tortures and for breaking men's bones, or as a treadmill for mules to grind out the bark that is to tan the souls of Jesuits and formal enthusiasts, and make them impervious to every purpose but the uses of the Church, and to all principle but the aggrandizement of the Hierarchy.

Men so possessed by truth so ministered become as vulcanized India-rubber. The life is taken out, in order that the products of life may be used with all the insensibility of death; or as fossils of what once was living wood may be used as whetstones. There was once life in every fossil. The wood was the product of life; therefore it could become a perfect fossil. It is easy for the great master of death, ministering thus the letter instead of the Spirit, to convert into a dead organism the whole Church for merely material purposes. Then and thus the doctrines of life become dogmas of death, superstition, torture, instruments for heresy-hunters, with prongs like the flesh-hooks that the priests in Eli's time thrust into the sacrifices for themselves. It is the last of miseries and corruptions when that which was intended for life becomes thus the instrument of rapacity and death.

It needs a new living Protestantism in every generation to stand against such formalism. Old doctrines must be the product of new life in every generation, learning them from Christ in the Gospel, or they degenerate into mere dogmas. And, indeed, the Church may become herself a great dog-ma—a mother of dogs, bull-dogs, which she trains to hunt runaway slaves that have broken loose from her jurisdiction. We put both truth and life in peril when we lose sight of the one grand object of organizations and of creeds, which is the regeneration and completion of souls in Christ. There have been periods when both form and doctrine have proved a machinery of death. Instead of being generated in each Christian's soul by the life, they have degenerated the soul itself—condemning it to be born of the form, not of the power; of the letter, not of the Spirit.

In the freedom of the Gospel, creeds are *from* life, *for* life, and forms are only their servants for life's sake in Christ; products of life, conveyances of life, means of life. Creeds are for God's supremacy and manifestation, not man's. They are for bringing men to God, to receive life, not to be condemned or punished; to save, not to destroy. They are compasses, not reefs: to guide men, not to impale them; to keep them from the rocks, not to carry them ashore for the wreckers. And so they shine before us in the Word of God, not behind us in church history. The moment you set them up as *stern-lights* they are like experience without principle—only serving, as Coleridge said, to reveal the path that has been passed over.

It is sanctification by the truth in Jesus which is to make the unity that shall make the world believe "that thou hast sent me"; not the greatness and glory of a visible organization. Hence, when the Church would have remained at Jerusalem, and begun the Papacy there, they were scattered abroad, and went everywhere, preaching the Word; churches everywhere springing up in consequence. There was more done by that scattering than there could have been by any wealthy and powerful remaining, which would have resulted only in a great carbuncle of corruption and power. So always there is more accomplished for Christ by variety of denominations, many administrations but one spirit, than by the huge despotic unity that filled the world for ages. Indeed, the history of the Church under the form of that unity has been the history of the corruptions of Christianity; while sometimes almost the only truth and life in Christ that could be found was in the notices of what were called heresies, which, on a close scrutiny, were sometimes found to be the living Christianity, cast out, repudiated, and persecuted by the dead. The living believers in Christ were put to death by the dead ritualism and lordship of Power and Law in the uniformity of a despotic organization; the living child cut asunder at command of the harlot by the judgment of the Pope.

Temperance.

N. Y. STATE TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE annual meeting of the N. Y. State Temperance Society, held in the Central Presbyterian Church edifice in Rochester, Jan. 19, was numerously attended. The Order of Good Templars was largely represented. As far as could be judged by an outsider, it was apparent that this order was in the ascendant as to influence; and this impression was confirmed when, in the selection of officers for the ensuing year, it was found that the old leaders among the ministry, who are not supposed to sympathize fully with secret societies, were omitted, and their places filled with others of different opinions. The keynote of the meeting was given by Benj. Joy, Esq., of Penn Yan, in his spirited and characteristic address on the first evening, which was devoted to the advocacy of efforts for a prohibitory liquor law. He said: "We are not here to discuss politics, but to declare our unalterable purpose to carry the matter to the polls; and, if the politicians get in the way, so much the worse for the politicians—as Stephenson once said of the cow, when it was suggested that one might get in the way of his newly-invented locomotive." This purpose was recognized also in one of the resolutions adopted, and the idea was prominent through all the sittings of the society. It was the characteristic of the meeting.

Gerrit Smith was present, and made an able speech, in which he was opposed to the formation of a temperance party in politics, if it could be avoided; since, he said, every party hitherto organized on the basis of one idea had been a failure. Still, he thought it might become necessary; but he was in favor of voting only for temperance men and men favorable to prohibitory legislation.

Rev. Dr. Love, an eminent Methodist clergyman, spoke at length the first evening against moderate drinking, and said it was what chiefly supports the dram-shops. Rev. Mr. Law, of Chicago, spoke in elucidation of the workings of the order of Good Templars; as did also a Mr. Murray, of Detroit, who said there are seven lodges in that city, and a prohibitory club, all whose members were pledged to vote and work for a prohibitory law. Jas. B. Hays, Esq., of Rochester, who made the address of welcome to the society, favored political action; but thought it best to work in the caucuses of existing political parties. Dr. Jackson, of Dansville, doubted the propriety of organizing a distinctive prohibitory party just now. He was working with the Good Templars, many of whom are women, who have no voice in politics, and we could not dispense with their co-operation. Frederick Starr, Esq., of Rochester, declared that political action *would be* taken hereafter."

The treasurer's report showed $3,848 84 as the receipts of the society for the past year, with a deficit at the close of $186 88. The subscriptions and contributions at the present meeting have amounted to $893 50, including $500 from Gerrit Smith, $100 from Abijah Fitch, Esq., and $50 enclosed in a letter from Col. Camp. Abijah Fitch, Esq., of Auburn, was elected president for the ensuing year; Rev. F. A. Spencer, of Syracuse, secretary; and a long list of vice-presidents and managers.

Letters were read from ex-Gov. Buckingham, of Conn., Hon. W. E. Dodge, Rev. Dr. Fowler, ex-Gov. M. H. Clark, Gen. Smith, late president of the society, etc., in some of which the calling of a convention for political action was advocated. The next meeting is to be held at Syracuse, the first Tuesday in June, two representatives to be elected from each assembly district. It is understood that the order of Good Templars is fully committed to political action in some form, or at least that a united and earnest effort is to be made by them for a prohibitory law; and the state society will act in the same direction, and no doubt a majority of the friends of temperance in the state are in sympathy with the movement. It was admitted by Mr. Joy that a majority of the people are not yet fully up to this idea; but he was in favor of voting now for the proposition, and then educating to it.

But many judicious men doubt whether the present mode of conducting the Temperance Reform will accomplish the object. The secret "orders" do not extend among *the people* and enlighten them, nor does the preaching of the pulpit or the lecturing before societies do it. Vast multitudes, and those most needing light, are not reached. Hence the National Temperance Publication Society of New York City are just inaugurating a system of monthly tract and book distribution; and have engaged Rev. J. S. Pattengill, late assistant secretary of the State Temperance Society, to traverse this state and seek to interest *the churches* of all denominations in the work. The plan is to have each town raise the money to purchase tracts and books, and appoint distributors in every school district, who will visit every house and leave a book or tract every month. The plan has been successfully commenced in some fifty places; and the cost is not more than from $20 to $100, more or less, according to population. This is going to the root of the matter; and, in due time, if faithfully carried out, will create a public sentiment that will demand and sustain a prohibitory law, and will save multitudes from the formation of habits of drinking. It will also enlist the prayers and sympathies of the churches. May God speed the effort!

Art and Artists.

MR. GIGNOUX'S new painting of "Niagara in Winter," which was specially intended for reproduction in chromo, is now on exhibition at Putnam's Art Gallery, in Broadway, where it succeeds Mr. Bierstadt's "Vesuvius."

....The people of Michigan are about to erect a monument in Detroit, in commemoration of the soldiers from that state who took part in the war for the preservation of the Union; and it is a remarkable commentary on our national poverty in art that the statuary which is to form a part of the monument has been modeled in Rome and is to be cast in bronze in a German city.

....Our artists paint pictures to be chromoed for the million, and then are compelled to send to Berlin, or London, or Paris to have the chromos executed. The finest chromos that have been seen here have come from Berlin. Perhaps the very finest example of the chromo of an American painting is that of Bradford's "Sailors Crushed in the Ice." The reduced picture is a much more effective one than the original painting, which is too large for the subject.

....The manufacture of artificial flowers is now almost elevated into the region of fine art. But true art must never be used for deceptive purposes; for it then becomes a mere imitation and a fraud. When women put muslin flowers in their bonnets and headdresses, they do not intend to practice a deception; they only aim at the sentiment of freshness and sweetness which the similitude of flowers suggests. But when they put imitation violets and roses in earthen pots, and place them in their parlor-windows, as happens to be the fashion at present, they are guilty of a pretty fraud, which produces anything but an agreeable sensation when it is discovered. A gentleman may be complimented on his taste for wearing a rose-bud in the button-hole of his coat; but, if he were to put a bunch of artificial violets there, he would be laughed at for his foppery. Ladies who put artificial flowers in their parlor-window flower pots are sure of incurring the same penalty; and the better the imitation may be the more objectionable it will seem.

....It is a great satisfaction to us to announce that Mr. Quincy Ward's statue of the "Indian Hunter," which is admitted by all art-critics to be the finest piece of sculpture which an American has yet produced, has been presented to the Commissioners of the Central Park, by a committee of gentlemen who liberally purchased it for that purpose. It will there serve as an educator of the public taste; and, we trust, will be followed by many other similar statues. There is probably no other city in Christendom, of the magnitude of New York, which has so small a number of public statues. Boston, with hardly a fourth part of the population or wealth of New York, has four times more public statues. There is one thing, however, on which New York may well pride itself: it has not yet been guilty of the artistic absurdity of purchasing a statue, and then placing it on top of a lofty column, where it would be impossible to see it, as has been done in many other cities. In Washington, for example, a very mean-looking marble statue of our martyr-President Lincoln has lately been placed on top of a slender marble shaft, in front of the Patent Office, where it looks worse than it possibly could if it were elevated on a pedestal just sufficiently above the eye to be seen to advantage. The absurdity of hanging a fine picture so far above the point of vision that its beauties could not be seen would be obvious enough to every one. But why should a statue be differently treated from a painting? The Greeks were never guilty of such a piece of stupidity. They made their statues life-size, and then placed them where they could be seen to the best advantage. If a column is erected in honor of a hero, the statuary which decorates it should be placed at its base, and not on its summit.

Music.

MR. JEROME HOPKINS whose persevering labors in the cause of choral singing deserve a word of recognition, gave one of his Orpheon concerts at Apollo Hall, on Saturday evening, with the assistance of Miss Rokohl, soprano; Mr. Perring, tenor; Mr. Joseph Jewett, bass, and the two Trojsi children, who play on the cornet and piano. The music which Mr. Hopkins supplies is not of the best; but he works

Our Young Folks.

HARRY'S ADVICE.

"Oh! mamma, tell me, will you, please,
when I'll be old enough
To wear my hair in puffs and curls,
And frizzles out so rough?

"I'd like to use the crimping-pins,
Wear pearls and jewels fine;
How soon shall I be old enough?
Oh, dear! I'm only nine.

"And, mother, dear, why may I not
Wear corsets, like Aunt Jane?
And great long, dangling ear-rings too,
And dresses with a train?

"And pretty little flattering veils,
That make one look so fair;
And feathers in my bonnet too,
All fluttering in the air?

"Why need I always be a child,
And go to bed at eight?
Aunt Jennie sits up every night
So very, very late.

"What's well for her, I am quite sure,
Would be as well for me.
Now try it, mother, just this once,
And see how good I'll be."

Then Harry, three years older, spoke;
He felt so wondrous wise,
He thought to make the matter plain,
And watch her quick surprise:

"Why, sis, you're foolish; don't you know
How terrible it is
When little girls to women grow,
And wear their hair afriz?

"How all your flossy curls must change,
So harsh and straight to grow?
They'll burn your hair and scar your head
With irons hot, you know.

"They'll prick your little shell-like ears
With a needle's biting sting;
And squeeze your plumpness all away
With an awful corset-string.

"And, should you sit up late, you'd have
Such dreadful dreams at night,
You'd cry to be a child again,
Or for morning's golden light.

"And then, you know, you couldn't run
Or slide with me down hill.
Now think it over, and decide
To be my playmate still."

"Oh! Harry, Harry! Is it true,
Must ladies suffer so?
Oh, dear! what can a poor child do?
I hope I'll *never* grow."

H. K. P.

THE IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

BY LILLIAN LOUISE GILBERT.

It was seven o'clock, almost Fannie's bedtime. She was sleepy and tired, and had waited quite long enough, she thought, for her father—who was quietly taking his after-dinner nap—to wake up and tell her the usual good-night story.

She fidgeted about a long time, trying to keen still, but really making a great noise. First she made a doll out of her handkerchief. But it hadn't any face, and its arms would stick out in such an absurdly straight manner that it was quite disagreeable to play with; so poor dolly had to turn back into a little square of household linen.

Then she made a ball of the same bit of cambric. But, being very soft, it wouldn't bound an atom; and we all know there is no fun in throwing the ball and having to run pick it up again.

Then once a thought came into her disturbed little mind, and, rushing across the room to her father, she seized the large shawl which covered his face, just where his nose made a slight elevation in its surface.

"Papa," cried she, "wake up, wake up, and tell me what made gas."

Papa had been thoroughly roused by the not very gentle twitch Fannie gave his nose when she pulled off the handkerchief; and, laughingly seating her on his knee, asked, "Why do you want to know, puss?"

"Well, I guess—I spect it's 'cause I do."

"Quite a little woman's answer," said her father, and began his story.

"One day, millions of years ago—longer ago than we can even guess at, before there were any men or women or boys or girls in the world—(the sun shone very brightly and warmly for that time, for the sun didn't shine so much then as it does now) a group of little sunbeams got lodged in a tree.

"The trees that grew in those days were not our great oaks and stately poplars, but seemed more like ferns grown to a gigantic stature. And all the vegetable growth of that time was such as we call now tropical.

"We can imagine how the beautiful, soft, green mosses grew as tall as you, and how they waved backward and forward in the wind and whispered among themselves; and how the splendid tree-like ferns lent and tossed in the breeze; and that over these hung graceful vines, which looped themselves from branch to branch and swung in unison. We can imagine all this, I say; for, as there were no people then, of course, there were no books written to hand down to us to tell us of that time.

"And the only way we can guess what kind of things grew then is by fossils, of which I will tell you presently.

"Why those little rays of light should have caught in that particular tree I never could understand; but they did, or I should have no story to tell.

"There they lived, making the tree warm and bright till it grew old and died; and leaf after leaf fell off, and branch after branch broke down, and at last all that was left of that once stately fern was a poor old stump, which soon decayed also.

"Now, any one would have supposed that the sunbeams, finding their home a ruin, would have glanced off to seek a pleasanter place. But no, they preferred to be buried in the ground with what had been their dear old home in the tree-top. The longer they staid there the deeper they became imbedded in the earth; and finally they found they couldn't get out at all.

"So they slept there year after year, till nobody knows how much time had passed. More trees grew up, and died, and were buried like them; and after a while rocks began to form over them, and press them in deeper and deeper and harder and harder; and the poor little sunbeams said: 'We shall never get out any more! How much better it would have been had we only staid on the surface, instead of being constantly thrust further into the earth.'

"Years ago—and not such a very great many, either, when we think of the time that had passed since our tree first died—some wise men found, in certain spots in mountains and other places, the hard, black substance which we call coal. But it was really the decayed wood made by those trees and plants which died, like the one our sunbeam lived in, ages ago, and which had been pressed so hard and so long by those rocks and other formations that had gathered above them that it had become solid and black.

"Now, in the coal are found what are called fossils—that is, the figures of leaves and the bark of trees impressed on the coal. They are like beautiful carvings, only finer then any carving could be.

"You have seen skeleton leaves and flowers?

"Well, they are like them in delicacy. They are the skeleton flowers Nature makes, only they are black.

"There are other kinds of fossils, too—such as bones of animals, shells, fish, and others; but they are not found in coal, because no animals existed at the time when the coal formed.

"I once saw a fossilized fern; and it seemed as if it must have been cut with a diamond, so fine was it.

"Coal-miners often find these beautiful things in the course of their excavations. Only think how pleasant it must be, when they are among that dirty black stuff, and are soiled with the dust themselves, suddenly to find what might be called one of Nature's photographs right before them.

"Not the only good thing about these pictures is their beauty. They serve to tell us what kind of a growth there was in the time when the wood was becoming coal. Of course, when we find nothing but graceful ferns, and pretty mosses, and plants that are similar to them, we know that there was no other kind at that time. They are the illustrations in Nature's guide-books.

"Well, these wise men found this black substance, and they wondered what it was. And, being wise, as I have told you, they tried experiments with it, and found that it would burn and give out heat; and so they used it for fuel."

"Yes; but, papa," interrupted Fannie, "this story you are telling is about coal—not gas, as I wanted."

"Wait patiently, little girl, and we'll soon come to the gas," replied her father, and went on.

"So these wise men, who are never satisfied with finding one use for a thing, but must make it a means to a great many ends, thought, 'This burns so well why shouldn't it be applied in some form as a light?' And, when they had once thought of it, they couldn't let it alone, till by numerous experiments they found that a part of it could be converted into that invisible thing we call gas, and carried through miles of tubes and pipes, and be brought into people's houses, to light them up brilliantly. Well, one day, when men were digging out coal to make gas of, they came to a very large, smooth, glossy piece, with two pretty ferns traced upon it. This they took out, and put with a quantity which was coming to this great city of New York. Now it happened that this particular piece of coal was made of the tree with which our sunbeams were buried so long ago. And, after it had been through all the necessary processes, the gas was conveyed in pipes from the gas-works, which I have often pointed out to you, to this street and into this very house and room. And one tiny sunbeam rushed up and shone so brightly at the end of the pipe that it caused my little daughter to ask, 'What made gas?' And I tell her for reply that the light she sees is one of those little rays which lay buried for ages, but which shines forth again to show that it is long past Fannie's bedtime, and that the sand-man has gotten into her winking eyes."

"Ah! but papa," cried Fannie, now opening her blue eyes very wide, "do you believe all that?"

But her father only kissed her good-night, and smiling said:

"Don't you?"

Sabbath-schools.

We hear of Sunday-school lectures being delivered in New South Wales on alternate weeks.

....Twenty-six Chinamen attend the Bible-class of a Methodist church at Santa Clara, California.

....The 33d anniversary of the Canadian Sunday-school Union was held Jan. 26th, in Montreal, Principal Dawson presiding.

....The Southwark Sunday-school Society of London was founded by Rowland Hill; and now numbers 13 schools, upward of 500 teachers, and about 6,000 children.

....Dr. Eddy's Baptist church, in Boston, has a Young People's Christian Association, which added last year 100 scholars to the Sabbath-school. The average attendance last month was 441. During the year there were 33 conversions in the school.

....A certain successful teacher, who had been greatly blessed in bringing in and retaining young men, was asked what the magic spell of his influence over them was. He replied, "*Putting my arms around them.*" It was the power of a *loving* faith.

....A committee of the South Berkshire Congregational Conference, Massachusetts, has reported in favor of the one-sermon plan, and of devoting half the Sabbath to the Sabbath-school. The report was written by Rev. N. H. Eggleston, of Stockbridge.

....During the past fourteen years Dr. Burrows, pastor of the First Baptist church in Richmond, Va., has baptized 293 members of his Sunday-school; 212 of whom are still members of his church, 72 have removed from the city or died, and only four have been excluded. He thinks they make good members.

....The Essex South Sabbath-school Association comprises 53 schools, with a membership of 5,479. The largest three are the Third Congregational, Salem, 453; the Maple-street, Danvers, 370; and the First church, Rockport, 310. Hon. Allen W. Dodge, of Hamilton, is president of the association and Rev. F. Homes secretary.

....The *Congregationalist* gives, as the results of an experiment made in Brattleboro, Mass., of substituting the Sabbath-school for the afternoon preaching service, an increase of fifty per cent. in attendance on the Sabbath-school, especially of the adult portion of the congregation; a longer time for the Sabbath-school exercises, and the presence and assistance of the pastor in the school. The trial was limited to eight weeks; but the results were so obviously good and only good that a proposal to continue the arrangement as a permanent thing was not opposed by a single vote.

....It was stated at the late Episcopal Sunday-school Convention in this city that the first Sunday-school in New York was started by a poor old colored woman, who sold apples and oranges at the street-corners. Katie Ferguson was her name. She took children from the poor-house, supplied them with work, and taught them on Sunday. She was afterward assisted by others in this missionary effort for outcasts, and her efforts were wonderfully successful. She died a pauper, and was buried in the Potter's Field. No stone marks her resting-place; her name is almost forgotten on earth, but it is written in the Lamb's Book of Life.

....Mr. Shrimpton, traveling secretary of the English Sunday-school Union, lately gave an account of the progress of Protestant Sabbath-schools on the Continent of Europe. He said that in France Sunday-schools had been steadily increasing in number since their first establishment in 1852. In that year there were but 220 Sunday-schools in France; but now there were 829 Protestant Sunday-schools in that country. A present from the Emperor and Empress to the Paris Sunday-schools was made under the following circumstances: In the month of April the children attending the Paris Sunday-schools, to the number of from 3,000 to 4,000, walked through the streets of Paris in procession to the Cirque Napoleon. But, as the French are fond of display and of having banners in processions, and the Sunday-school children had none of the latter, the fact elicited a good deal of sympathy; and accordingly the Emperor and Empress sent them a magnificent green silk banner embroidered in gold. In Hamburg, where the Sunday-schools were established by the Baptists, the movement was progressing. In Berlin there would be a Sunday-school convention held next September, at which all Sunday-schools in the world would be represented. Germany now possesses 150 Sunday-schools, Switzerland 250, and Holland 286 schools, with 800 teachers and 55,000 children. Thus it would be seen that the progress made by the Sunday-school Union with the work it had undertaken was of a most satisfactory kind, and that Sunday-schools were gradually taking their place amongst the institutions of Continental lands. The meeting was subsequently addressed by Revs. Edward Clarke, Henry Ollerenshaw, and Pasteur Wagener, of Malines.

Scientific.

NEW YORK CITY has a flourishing Microscopical Society, which lately gave a very interesting exhibition.

....It is remarkable that of all the meteorites of varying composition that have fallen from the sky to the earth, and which must have come from far different regions of space, not one has shown the presence of a single chemical element with which we were previously unacquainted.

....According to the Boston *Journal of Chemistry*, it is a fact, though almost incredible, that up to 1833 so little positive knowledge existed concerning the agricultural value of ashes that the Gottingen Academy offered a prize for a satisfactory solution of the question, "Whether the ingredients of ashes are essential to vegetable growths."

....A lady of Lyons lately died from the effect, according to scientific evidence, of asphyxia, resulting from sleeping in a room in which a large quantity of quinces were kept. It is a well-known fact that many people are very sensitive to the suffocating odor of many flowers and fruits. The fragrant hyacinth and the white lily would be enough to suffocate many, who find their odor almost intolerable.

....Prof. Vander Weyde has devised a novel experiment, by which he thinks he proves that, if a perfect vacuum be made, it is impossible for electricity to traverse it, even for so short a distance as a quarter of an inch; while it is a familiar fact that, if air be of the extremest rarity that can be secured by the air-pump, electricity will easily pass over any distance of such an imperfect vacuum. How he produced his vacuum we are not informed.

....The Royal Society of England sent an expedition to Guntoor to photograph the eclipse of last August. It seems to have been a miserable failure, from lack of skill on the part of the men detailed to do the work. The result is quite mortifying, compared with the success of the German expedition, which was admirably planned and which rehearsed their various parts before the eclipse took place so many times as to avoid all possibility of failure.

....Missionaries are generally so interested in developing the scientific points of interest in their locations that we are surprised to hear that a meteorite which was seen by a native to fall in South Africa, and was carried two days' journey to Griqua Town and offered to Rev. James Good, a missionary there, was refused by him. Mr. Good recommended the negro to take it back to the place where he found it. Instead of doing so, he gave it to a Griqua chief, and it is now in the British Museum. It weighed over two pounds.

....The fact that observations of some of the nebulæ with the spectroscope show but one of the three lines in the spectrum that are characteristic of hydrogen seems to indicate that in those distant bodies hydrogen may exist in an even more elementary form than in our own system. The sun shows all the lines of hydrogen with distinctness; and the eighty lines which are characteristic of burning iron are all found and in their exact order in spectra produced by the sun's light.

....The time during which the earth has generated organic beings is small compared with the ages during which the world was a mass of molten rocks. The experiments of Bischof upon basalt show that our globe would require 350 millions of years to cool down from 3,600°, which is the most intense heat that we are able to produce, to 360° Fahrenheit. And with regard to the period during which the first nebulous masses condensed, to form our planetary system, conjecture must entirely cease.

....Prof. Waterhouse Hawkins, who exhibited, at a lecture in this city two weeks ago, a restored skeleton of the Hadrosaurus, a huge reptile, 14 feet high and 25 feet long, will prepare other restorations for the Central Park. The commissioners propose to erect a grand geological saloon, in which are to be placed the restored figures of the animals found in our own country. Upon the walls of the saloon or building will be the fresco paintings illustrating the vegetation of the period during which the animals lived, and along the sides will be placed the actual geological specimens and fossil remains found with the skeleton.

....Dr. Ephraim Cutter, of Woburn, Mass., was the first physician in this country to construct the laryngoscope, by which alone it is possible to see the inside of the throat. It consists of a simple mirror, about an inch in diameter, which is put as far back as possible in the mouth, and held at such an angle as to allow the observer to see the entire glottis and the movement of the vocal chords. With this instrument it is perfectly easy to see the *rima glottidis*, or opening between the chords, contract more and more as a higher and higher note is sounded; or to see the chords lose all their tenseness when the voice sinks to a whisper, so that no vibration takes place. The laryngoscope is invaluable in the discovery of tumors or any other local disease of the larynx which could not otherwise be satisfactorily diagnosed.

....We learn from the Boston *Journal of Chemistry* that the director of the Gardens of Hamma, near Algiers, has succeeded in rearing leeches in a park supplied with a palisade enclosure containing a quantity of fine sand. Before depositing her eggs, the female ostrich seems uneasy, and seeks a suitable place. She forms a small hillock of sand, slightly concave at the top, and lays one egg in it, to which she afterward adds others. She lays every two days for two or three months, with an interval of repose. Incubation lasts forty days, during which time the male and female sit alternately. On the 12th of March five were hatched, and three the day after. At the end of May some of the ostriches had laid their fiftieth egg. The males take great interest in the incubation, and only leave the eggs when pressed by hunger; and then the females take their place, but not for such long periods. An extra circulation goes on in the uncovered portions of the male's body, to generate the heat necessary for the process. There is no reason why they could not be reared in our own country, if we only had an efficient bureau of acclimatization.

....It is an interesting question, though of little immediately prospective practical value to us, whether the sun can always continue the emission of heat and light. Is there danger that he will be cooled down by and by, and his light go out? Two somewhat celebrated theories, those of Mayer and Helmholtz, attempt to explain the origin of the sun's heat—or, at least, to account for its continuance without perceptible diminution. Mayer's theory starts from the principle that motion when checked is always converted into heat. The heat of friction lights a match. Were a meteoric body to be attracted to the sun, it would gain an almost inconceivable velocity before reaching its surface, and the quenching of that velocity would develop an intense heat. Mayer conjectures that the solar furnace may be fed by this kind of fuel; and he calculates mathematically that it would require that only meteors enough should fall upon the sun every year to make a uniform thickness of a very few feet to supply the heat that is constantly being lost. Helmholtz's theory assumes the truth of the nebular hypothesis, which requires us to believe that the sun once occupied the whole space now occupied by the solar system. Its contraction must have constantly developed heat, as is illustrated in the familiar experiment in which tinder is lighted by the compression of air in a close tube. If the specific heat of the condensing nebulous mass were equal to that of water, the heat produced by condensation would be sufficient to raise the entire mass to a temperature of 50,000,000 degrees of Fahrenheit. Of course, much of this heat would be given off during the long period of condensation; but, as the power of attraction between the particles which were brought nearer together increases in a faster ratio than the power of repulsion generated by the heat between the particles, the heat would be constantly increasing. Helmholtz supposes that this contraction is still going on, and calculates that a contraction of one ten-thousandth of the sun's diameter would generate as much heat as is given off in 2,000 years. The latter theory will account for the continuance of the sun's heat much better than that of Mayer, though both probably contribute their part. But, whichever theory be adopted, the supply is not infinite, and must finally be exhausted.

Foreign Gleanings.

THE Mount of Olives is now the property of the crown of France.

....An English publisher announces a new novel with the cheerful title "Mad: a Story of Dust and Ashes."

....Mr. Matthew Arnold's recent essays in the *Cornhill Magazine* are now published in a volume, with the title "Culture and Anarchy."

....The *Saturday Review* sneers and snarls at Mr. Lowell's article, in a recent number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, "On a certain condescension in foreigners."

....*Punch* reports that a terrible piece of news has reached him from Greenwich Observatory. The astronomers there have reason to believe that Berenice's Hair is false!

....Great rain-storms have taken place throughout Great Britain. In many districts the rivers overflowed their banks, and caused much destruction of houses and cattle; but it does not seem that any human lives have been lost.

....The Turkish Government has got new troubles on its hands, in the shape of a fierce outbreak in Montenegro. The Montenegrins are perhaps the bravest and most formidable of all the populations the Turk tries to keep in order.

....One of the witnesses in a recent English trial, being asked to state what his business or profession was, gave an impromptu and remarkable definition of the meaning of the word "gentleman." He said, "I am now a gentleman—doing nothing."

...."Good, kind Victor Hugo," says *Punch*, "has been again feasting the young in Guernsey. Love of the little ones is such a passion with him that we fully expect him one of these days to forgive Somebody simply because the poet called him *Le Petit*." The allusion, we need hardly say, is to Victor Hugo's famous diatribe against "Napoleon le Petit."

....Felix Pyett, a French journalist, has just been condemned to five years' imprisonment and a fine of ten thousand francs for attacks on the French Government. As, however, M. Pyett happens to live in London, he will probably receive with composure the news of this severe sentence. "Felix, nimium Felix," he may well be called, seeing that he is not in France.

....The Prince Carignano is now talked of as a possible candidate for the throne of Spain. He is a cousin of Victor Emanuel, king of Italy—not a son, as some of our papers say—and he acted as governor of the Neapolitan Provinces for a short time after their annexation in 1860. There is not, however, we should think, any probability of his ever becoming king of Spain.

....A celebrated Dominican preacher, Father Minjeard, about whom half Paris used to be insane a few years ago, has now become insane himself. When he preached a charity sermon at the Madeleine, fashionable ladies used to pluck off their rings and bracelets and fling them, along with their purses, into the velvet bag of the collectors. The first symptom of the malady which has now seized him was observed nearly a year ago, while he was preaching a sermon. He is only thirty-six years old.

....We lately mentioned the fact that Lady Portsmouth had founded a woman's club in London, on what seemed to be a sound and useful basis. The institution, however, appears likely to go to pieces before it is properly put together. Lady Portsmouth publicly announces that she feels bound to withdraw from all act've support of it. The committee, have adopted a rule allowing male visitors to enter the club and see members in the visiting room. Lady Portsmouth disapproves of this so strongly that she withdraws from the institution which she herself called into existence.

....The ladies of Madrid are apparently not quite so progressive as their American sisters. Lately, three ladies of rank waited as a deputation on Marshal Serrano, to present him with a document signed by fifteen thousand of their countrywomen, and which turned out to be a protest against the establishment of religious liberty and toleration in Spain. They protest declared the course hitherto pursued by the Provisional Government "impious and sacrilegious," and told Serrano and his colleagues "at their peril" to dare any longer to pursue a policy of toleration.

....A French lady, who lately published a diatribe against the extravagance of female dress, has been rewarded by a special letter of commendation from the Pope. We must remember, however, that Henry the Eighth received special commendation from the Pope of his day for a diatribe against the heresies of Luther. Henry presently turned Protestant. Perhaps the fair lady who has just had Papal panegyric for her condemnation of feminine extravagance may be next heard of as a successful rival of Princess Metternich, Worth, the famous man-milliner of the Rue de la Paix.

....Mr. Milner Gibson, the distinguished English Liberal, who lost his seat at the late elections owing to "No-Popery" influences, is likely now to be elected for Manchester. The third member for Manchester, a Tory, is being petitioned against and is likely to be unseated. The Liberals have been balloting among themselves to decide whom they shall adopt. Ernest Jones had the preference over Milner Gibson; but Ernest Jones has just died, suddenly. Milner Gibson used to represent Manchester, along with John Bright, until both became unpopular and lost their seats because they opposed the Chinese war, some ten or eleven years ago.

....Bills of indictment have been found in London against the directors of the Overend & Gurney Company, on a charge of conspiracy to defraud the shareholders. The firm of Overend & Gurney was for many years, previous to its recent conversion into a limited liability company, one of the greatest bill-discounting houses in England; and the Gurneys were an old and famous Quaker family, bearing for generations a high and honored name. One of the Gurneys, a member of Parliament, was some few years ago the victim of a sad piece of domestic treason, which was the scandal of the day. The nature of the charge now made against the principal directors of the Company is that, when it was converted from a private firm into a limited liability company, the directors knew that it was actually ruined, and yet represented its affairs to be in a flourishing condition. The trial, when it comes on, will be one of the *causes célebres* of the English law-courts.

Pebbles.

AN old minister, the other day, asked a woman what could be done to induce her husband to attend church. "I don't know," she replied, "unless you were to put a pipe and a jug of whisky in the pew."

....A Scotch minister went into his pulpit, once in the olden time, in a somewhat muddled state, and, leaning over the precentor's desk (below the pulpit), said: "G-i-v-e out the 25-6th Psalm." "There beant so many," replied the precentor, wizen-faced and savage. "Then sing so many as there be!"

...."General Grant," said a distinguished lady to the General, the other day, rather confidentially, "I am just dying to know who the Cabinet are to be." "Are you, though?" said the General. "I am, indeed," said the lady; "just dying of curiosity." Then the General, in a low voice, replied: "Well, madam, *that is just what Mrs. Grant says!*"

....A French journal reports the discovery of a book of theological discussion, written by some of the early monks, upon such questions as these: "What was the shape of the wings of the Archangel Gabriel?" "Did Pilate use soap when he washed his hands?" "How much wine did they drink at the marriage in Cana?" "Are there any angels with baritone voices?"

....The Cornell University paper says that a few days ago a gentleman from Ithica saw a farmer's boy standing by the roadside holding a horse which he recognized. He asked the boy who was the owner of the horse; and the boy replied: "It belongs to a crazy Dutchman, looking for birds'-nests over yonder in the woods." Why is not the understanding that a church-service or lecture commences at the given hour an acceptance on your part, if you go, of an agreement; and why are you not false to it by your tardiness, and why are you not a bad friend because of all the little miseries are cursed; prosperity, temper, character, life jeopardied, lost by want of punctuality. Unpunctual people are everywhere, and everything encourages them. It is taken for granted that nothing will be "on time," and so everybody holds off to insure it. The first ten minutes of a religious service are apt to be a martyrdom to preachers and punctual people. There ought to be some contrivance by which the tardy shall be made as uncomfortable as they, and then we might hope a change. But in this world it too much happens that a comfortable stolidity possesses the sinner, especially if his sin be fashionable, and the sufferings come upon those who must take their comfort out in doing their duty. —*J. F. W. Ware.*

"Dr. Leo."

Selections.

TO THE SEXTON.

A APPEEL FOR ARE TO THE SEXTANT OF THE OLD BRICK MEETINHOUSE.

BY A GASPER.

O Sextant of the meetinhouse, which sweeps
And dusts, or is supposed too! and rules
And lites the gass, and sumtimes leaves a screw loose,
In which case it smells orful,—worse than lamplite;
And wrings the Bel and tolls it when men dyes
To the grief of survivin pardners, and sweeps paties;
And for the servass gits $100 per annum,
Which them that thinks does, let em try it;
Getin up be'oar star-lite in all wethers and
Kindlin fiers when the wether is as cold
As zero, and like as not grean wood for kindlin;
I wouldn't be hired to do it for no some—
But o Sextant! there are I kermodities
Which's more than gold, which doant cost nothin
Worth more than anything exsep the Sole of Mann!
I mean power Are, sextant, i mean pewer Are!
O it is so plenty out o dores, so plenty it
No what on airth to dew with itself, but flies
About a certin leavs and blowin of men's hatts;
In short its jest "free as are" out dores.
But o Sextant, in our church its scarce as piety,
Scarce as bank bills wen agints beg for missions,
Which sum say is pretty often (taint nothin to me,
Wat I give aint nothin to nobody) but o Sextant,
U shet 500 men, wimmin, and children,
Speshally the latter, up in a ute place,
Some has bad breths, nono ure 2 swete,
Some is fevery, some is scrofilus, some has bad teath,
And some paint none, and some aint over cleen;
But every 1 on em breethes in & out and out and in,
Say 50 times a minit, or 1 million and a half breths an our.
Now how long will a church full of are last at that rate,
I ask you, say 15 minits, and then wats to be did?
Why then they must brethe it all over agin.
And then agin, and so on, till each has took it at least 10 times, and let it up agin, and wats more,
The same individible doant have the privelege
Of brethen his own are, and no one's else;
Each one must take whatever comes to him.
To bloo fier of life, and keep it from goin ont; and how can bellusses blo without wind,
And aint wind *are*? I put it to your conchens.
Are is the same to us as milk to babes,
Or water is to fish, or *pandhums to deer*—
Or roots & altbs unto an injun Doctor,
Or bird to grubs,—Are is for us to brethe
Wat signifies who preaches if i can't breethe?
Wats Pol? Wats Poilus? to sinners who are ded for want of breth? why sextant, when we
Dye its only coz we cant brethe no more—
thats all.
And now, o sextant, let me beg of you
2 let a little are into our church.
(Pewer are is sertin proper for the news.)
It aint much trouble—only make a hole
And there will come in of itself;
(It luvs to come in where it can git a warm;)
O how it will rouze the people up
And speed up the preecher, and stop garps,
And yawns and figgets as effectooal
As wind on the dry Boans the Proffit tells of.

ODD TEXTS.

AN aged New England minister, during the colonial period, once preached before a very unpopular deputy governor, from Job, xx. 6, 7: "Though his Excellency mount up to the heavens, and his head reach unto the clouds, yet he shall perish forever like his own dung." Another preached to the newly-married couples of his congregation, upon a part of Psalm lxxii. 7: "And abundance of peace so long as the moon endureth." Dean Swift is said to have preached the annual sermon to the associated tailors of Dublin upon the text: "A remnant shall be saved." Among his printed sermons there is one upon Acts, xx. 9: "And there sat in the window a certain young man named Eutychus, having fallen into a deep sleep; and as Paul was long preaching, he sunk down with sleep, and fell down from the third loft, and was taken up dead," which thus begins: "I have chosen these words with design, if possible, to disturb some part in this audience of half an hour's sleep, for the convenience and exercise whereof this place, at this season of the day, is very much celebrated." Such instances as these, however, are very different from that quaint humor of preachers like Hugh Latimer and Matthew Henry, which is so mingled with devout, holy sentiment as to lose all triviality, and to make only a serious impression. The following from the commentary of Henry, while it raises a smile, only deepens the sense of the truth conveyed. Remarking upon the requirement of the Jewish law that the green ears of corn, offered as a meat offering, must be dried by the fire, so that the corn might be beaten out, Henry observes that, "if those who are young do God's work as well as they can, they shall be accepted, though they cannot do it as well as those that are aged and experienced. God makes the best of green ears of corn, and so must we." —*Dr. Shedd.*

PUNCTUALITY.—After much torturing experience I come to this, that nine in ten do not know the value of time, nor the morality of a promise. Why is not an engagement to meet me at nine o'clock as sacred as any bond? Why is not the understanding that a lecture commences at the given hour an acceptance on your part, if you go, of an agreement; and why are you not false to it by your tardiness, and why are you not a bad friend because of all the little miseries are cursed; prosperity, temper, character, life jeopardied, lost by want of punctuality. Unpunctual people are everywhere, and everything encourages them. It is taken for granted that nothing will be "on time," and so everybody holds off to insure it. The first ten minutes of a religious service are apt to be a martyrdom to preachers and punctual people. There ought to be some contrivance by which the tardy shall be made as uncomfortable as they, and then we might hope a change. But in this world it too much happens that a comfortable stolidity possesses the sinner, especially if his sin be fashionable, and the sufferings come upon those who must take their comfort out in doing their duty. —*J. F. W. Ware.*

A QUIET LIFE.—For my part, seeing the victims of fast life falling around me, I have willingly abandoned the apparent advantages of such a life, and preferred less popularity, less gains, the enjoyment of a sound mind in a sound body, the blessings of a quiet domestic life, and a more restricted but not a less enjoyable circle of society. I am now approaching my seventy-fifth year. I cannot, indeed, say, vigorous as I am, that I have reached this age without the assistance of doctors; for I have had the constant attendance of those four famous ones—Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Good Hours.—*William Howitt.*

Commercial Notices.

THE BEST and Original Tonic of Iron, Phosphorus, and Calisaya, known as Caswell, Mack & Co.'s Ferro-Phosphorated Elixir of Calisaya Bark. The Iron restores color to the blood, the Phosphorus renews waste of the nerve tissue, and the Calisaya gives a natural, healthful tone to the digestive organs, thereby curing Dyspepsia in its various forms, Wakefulness, General Debility, and Depression of Spirits. Manufactured only by CASWELL, HAZARD & Co., New York. Sold by all druggists.

S. P. Q. R. were the inspiring characters inscribed upon the conquering banners of the heroic Romans; but D. P. S. characters which delight our modern nation. They are the initials for DAVID'S PRIZE SOAP, which we are told is sold at every respectable grocer's, and is warranted to be the greatest dirt eradicator known to modern science. The manufacturer has *forty years'* experience in the making of laundry soaps, and *he* ought to know what good soap is by this time. Try it; you'll like it.

PROF. BLOT'S SOUPS.—Tomato, Pea, Julienne, Vermicelli, It. Paste Consommé, Mock Turtle, Ox Tail, Green Turtle, Terrapin, Tomato Sauce and Catsup. Sold by Grocers and Provision Dealers. Depot 2 Vesey St., N. Y.

COLGATE AND COMPANY'S AROMATIC VEGETABLE TOILET SOAP is the best for toilet use. It is composed of healing ingredients; and, being combined with Glycerine, is particularly adapted to the delicate skin of ladies and infants.

WHOLESALE COUNTRY PRODUCE MARKET.

Reported expressly for THE INDEPENDENT, by David W. Lewis, Commission Merchant, No. 62 Pearl street.

Commission on Butter, Eggs, Poultry, etc., is 5 per ct. Flour, Grain etc., 2½ per cent.
Marking-plates furnished when desired.

GOLD ranged at 133⅝@136⅝.

BUTTER.—Receipts for the week were 9,000 packages. Receipts are less, weather colder and more favorable, and good, sound, sweet yellow Butter are salable than last week. There were sales of say 350 firkins Delaware style dairies at 42@45 cts., 1,000 to 1,200 tubs Welsh dairies at 40@45 cts.; and odds and ends of late wintertish Butter at less figures according to quality. The West has sent their rolls and winter-make freely, and are about closed out. Canada Butter is going to Europe; and the whole thing depends now upon whether there is more Butter back in this state than our local trade will consume. There is, however, no doubt but a less amount will be sent forward this year, and the impression current among the best heads is that parties should realize whenever they can do so without too great sacrifice. We quote:

Fine Fall Butter	45 @48
Good to Choice Dairies	44 @46
do. Fall Butter	40 @44
White Winterish Butter	40 @44
Low grades Common Stock Butter	35 @40
do. do.	30 @35
Roll Butter, in bbls. or boxes	35 @40
do. do.	30 @35

EGGS.—There has been large receipts, good demand, and prices are 2@3 cts. per dozen less than last week. At the close the market is firm, and present prices will probably be sustained, if not advanced. Limed are selling at any price. We quote:

Jersey, State, and Pennsylvania, per doz.	30 @—
Western, per doz.	28 @29
Limed Eggs, (loss off), per dozen	25 @26
Egg Oats, per bushel	50 @60

POULTRY.—The supply is very limited, not enough to supply the demand, and prices are higher; good fat stock of all kinds sell quick at our quotations. We quote:

Turkeys, per lb.	19 @21
Chickens, "	16 @18
Ducks, "	18 @—
Geese, "	13 @15

GAME.—All kinds are scarce, in good demand, and wanted at our quotations. We quote:

Partridges, per pair	$1 00@$1 50
Quail, per dozen	3 25@3 50
Grouse, trapped, per pair	1 00@1 50
Rabbits, per pair	1 00@1 50
Venison, saddles	20@—
Whole	10@—

BRAN.—There has been few arrivals of both Medium and Marrows, and with light demand prices are easier. There are some lots held above our quotations. We quote:

Marrows, per bush. 62 lbs.	$1 00@$1 50
Mediums, " "	4 50@5 00
Pea, " "	3 30@3 40
Mixed, " "	3 00@3 50
	2 75@3 25

BUCKWHEAT is quiet and lower. We quote at $2 50@$4 per 100 lbs.

DRIED FRUITS are quiet, but firm at our quotations.

Apples, State, sliced	18 @—
do. State, quartered	15 @—
do. Southern, new	11 @12½
Dried Peaches, peeled, exposed to prime	25 @29
do. do. do. fair to good	20 @24
do. do. unpeeled, halves	14 @16
Blackberries, per lb. quarters	10@12½
Cherries, pitted, per lb.	10@11½
Plums	12 @13
	45 @45
	30 @31

SEEDS are quiet, but firmly held. We quote:

Clover, per lb.	14@ 15
Flax Seed, per bushel	$2 20@2 30
Timothy, "	$3 00@3 75

ASHES.—There has been considerable inquiry for both Pots and Pearls; prices are higher and firmer. We quote:

Pots	$7 25@7 37
Pearls	9 00@9 12

HOPS.—There has been a good demand all the week; supply and very firm. We quote:

Jersey and State, light	15@16
do. heavy	15@16
Western	15 @15½

DAVID W. LEWIS,
PRODUCE COMMISSION MERCHANT,
No. 62 Pearl street, New York,
gives particular attention to the Commission Sale of FALL BUTTER. Also CHEESE, EGGS, BEANS, etc. Pot Initials on packages, send address by mail, and mark goods D. W. LEWIS, N. Y.

CONSUMPTION.—IT IS DEMONSTRATED, beyond all doubt, that Consumption can be cured, if treated on rational principles. These are life, and strength that will allay the cough, and assist Nature to build up the wasted constitution, by supplying nutriment in an assimilative form independent of the digestive functions, which are always more or less impaired in this disease. This is accomplished by Upham's Fresh Meat Cure, as proved by Prof. Trousseau, of Paris, in more than two thousand cases. Sold at $1 per bottle, or six bottles for $5.
JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & COWDEN,
602 Arch street, Phila., Pa.

DO NOT FAIL TO TRY
DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM
FOR THE LUNGS, FOR COUGHS, COLDS, AND CONSUMPTION.

SCOVILL'S BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP
Is an infallible remedy for
IMPURITIES OF THE BLOOD AND ALL CHRONIC DISEASES

GEORGE W. LAIRD'S
BLOOM OF YOUTH
BEAUTIFIES THE COMPLEXION.
old by all Druggists and Fancy Goods Dealers.

$250
EARNED BY Miss ELLA RIST,
aged 14 years, in six months, on
LAMB FAMILY KNITTING MACHINE,
besides going to school. Send for her testimonial and samples. Chicopee Falls, Mass.

PRICES CURRENT

REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.

ASHES—DUTY: 2½ ₩ ct.	
Pot 1st at 100s	7 75 @ 8 00
Pearl, 1st sort	9 12½ @ —
CANDLES—DUTY: 5 ₩ ct.	
Sperm, 1 ₩	45 @ —
Do. Mid'g	35 @ —
Dolby's Adam'ne	28 @ —
Adam'ne City	21 @ —
Dolby's State	23 @ —
COAL—DUTY: 40c. ad

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The Independent.

THEODORE TILTON, EDITOR.
HENRY C. BOWEN,
PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.

New York, February 11th, 1869.

THE NEW ARCHITECTURE OF RECONSTRUCTION.

IN reconstructing the Union, it is a pity that the stone which should be head of the corner is rejected of the builders. Acts of Congress are transitory, and change like the fashions: amendments of the Constitution are adamant, and endure for generations. Fourscore years ago our fathers wrote the parchment which governs us to day; and we to-day are adding to it codicils which are to govern the next generation. There is something lamentable, therefore, in the reflection that our pending constitutional amendments (although we hope they will be speedily adopted) are at best but temporary makeshifts—evanescent expedients—finalities that are not final. For instance, the Constitution will never be just to one-half the population whom it governs until it guarantees to Woman the same civil and political rights as to Man. The forefinger of the age points unerringly and inexorably to the ultimatum of democracy—Universal Suffrage. Of course, however, we have never had a moment's expectation that the present Congress, in presenting constitutional amendments, would venture to propose the elective franchise for woman. This great political idea—the greatest governmental problem of the present age—has not yet been sufficiently debated by the people to render possible, at this early day, its incorporation into the supreme law of the land.

But Congress has no just excuse for a half-way settlement of the Negro question. A governing majority of the American people are already ripe for absolute justice to the lately unchained slave. Even conservative men, like Grant himself, are anxious to see the Negro question fixed once for all on a basis of equity. But to deny the loyal negro his ballot because his rebel master has kept him from learning to read is a mockery of justice. So also to disfranchise him because he has been all his life-time systematically robbed of the fruits of his labor, and is not now the owner of real estate or personal property, is to do violence to all sense of right. Of course, we know that the proposed amendments do not contemplate either educational or property tests; but everybody knows that, under these amendments, the Southern States may invent a dozen cunning schemes to defraud the negro of his franchise. We do not say that the amendments are not the utmost which can now secure the assent of Congress; we repeat, we favor their passage; but we cannot blind our eyes to their great incompleteness. Their intent is excellent; they are the work of men who love liberty; they are put forth in the interest of the country; but, after all, they are amendments which will constantly need amending. After their adoption, the work which they are designed to do will still remain only half done. For instance, although Mr. Boutwell and his Judiciary Committee have forbidden any state to disfranchise a negro on account of color or race, yet what is to hinder Mississippi (after Jefferson Davis returns home to be her political leader) from enacting that no man shall vote except he owns ten thousand acres of land—a law which would keep her state government perpetually in the hands of an aristocracy of rebels? What is to hinder Alabama from saying: "Let us disfranchise every carpet-bagger, by forbidding any man to vote who did not reside on our soil before the war"? What is to hinder any Southern state from smiting the ballot out of the hand of every adventurous Yankee who goes there to build a mill or teach a school? The pending amendments offer no safeguards against these and all similar stratagems in which Southern statecraft has long been expert.

Are we, then, prophets of evil? No. We judge the Southern people only as they judge themselves. They frankly confess, both by speech and act (as witness their newspapers and legislatures), that they mean to take every advantage of the negro which opportunity presents. Therefore, to leave the black loyalist unprotected is only to invite the white rebel to strike a blow.

The Judiciary Committee would have clad the negro in a better armor of self-defense had they proposed, first, the equality of all men before the law; second, a uniform suffrage throughout the land, just as there is a uniform currency; third, a prohibition of all educational or property restrictions on suffrage; and, fourth, a comprehensive system of common-school education for whites and blacks.

Quite likely Mr. Boutwell would be glad to see all these ideas elevated into the solemn sovereignty of the supreme law. We have too much respect for the Judiciary Committee not to feel confident that they have proposed, not all they thought the case required, but all they believed the people would ratify. But we believe the people would be glad to ratify more than Congress has ventured to propose.

The bugbear which frightens our statesmen is state sovereignty. Every state (it is held) must be left to worship a little clay image of its own important self as an idol. Of this unworthy idea we are iconoclasts. We believe in the rights of the states; but we believe also in the rights of the nation. Common-sense dictates that the nation, and not the state, ought to control national elections; and that the states, and not the nation, ought to control state elections. But the fiery-tongued advocates of state supremacy want the state to be not only mistress of herself, but empress of the nation. The doctrine of state rights has been alternately the shield of liberty and the sword of slavery. Accordingly, a very confused and bewildering idea still prevails among the American people as to the proper extent and limitation of state sovereignty. Nor will there ever be any abiding harmony between the states and the nation until the just relations of these twain shall be more distinctly set forth in some future amendments to our somewhat equivocal Constitution. Once make the Alabama negro a self-protecting American citizen, and we shall then do our best to make Alabama a self-governing American state. But our first care is for the citizen, rather than for the state—for man himself, rather than for his surrounding local framework. But Congress still continues in the old way—sacrificing the negro to state sovereignty; subordinating humanity to parchments; limiting justice by tradition; and re-enacting Anglo-Saxon caste in the place of Christian equality.

In flying the pennon of this journal, let us, therefore, keep ourselves, as heretofore, at an ever-advancing outpost in the perpetual war for Universal Liberty. The goal toward which we press is the political equality of sexes and all races. Until the American Republic shall reach this ultimate point the Government will continue to be an aristocracy of classes, instead of a democracy of the people. So, leaving the pending constitutional amendments behind, we take a new step forward toward that grander ideal of reconstruction which is yet to be achieved at a swift-coming day.

A SNUFFER OF EAST WINDS.

So eminent and sagacious an evangelical Christian as the Rev. Jonathan Blanchard, president of Wheaton College, knows a heretic when he sees one, even though the offender occupies a pulpit, or conducts a denominational journal, or both. Accordingly, when this venerable "defender of the faith," on presenting a recent official report to the trustees of "the only Congregational college in Illinois," felt constrained in the interest of evangelical religion to declare that the editor of *The Congregationalist* "conducts his paper not on any religious principle, but for the market," we shared in the common sorrow of all evangelical Christians in view of the melancholy fact that one of their number (however humble and unimportant he might be) had fallen from grace. Wishing to do something to break the violence of Dr. Dexter's fall, THE INDEPENDENT was the only journal that promptly suggested any palliating considerations in our erring brother's case. Our hope was that his aberrations were only temporary, and that a truer evangelical spirit would sooner or later, like a "frayed dove," return to lodge once more in his abandoned breast. It was on this ground, and on this ground alone, that we felt justified in appealing to the Christian public "to have patience."

But, in thus making ourselves sponsors for the future good behavior of the accused, we had no expectation that we would be called upon, as we now are, to protest against his fresh and unprovoked attack on several eminent American citizens, including both the living and the dead. Dr. Dexter, in referring last week to Edward Everett, to Henry Ward Beecher, and to twelve distinguished college presidents, took solemn occasion to style these personages "windbags." Now, much as we have desired to befriend Dr. Dexter against the lately roused indignation of an evangelical public, we have no word of apology for his opprobrious designation of these illustrious ornaments of their country and age. Was Edward Everett a "windbag"? Is Henry Ward Beecher a "windbag"? Are our American college presidents "windbags"? If so, what then is Dr. Dexter himself, who lives in a perpetual Boston atmosphere of east winds?

As *The Congregationalist's* insult to Mr. Everett, Mr. Beecher, and the twelve college presidents was prompted because those gentlemen furnished to the New York *Ledger* a series of better articles than ever appeared in *The Congregationalist*, we shrewdly suspect that a certain famous horse is not the only Dexter which Mr. Bonner will now be likely to take in hand. And, this being the case, we feel that we have no further responsibility for the editor of *The Congregationalist* than simply to beg our whip-handling friend not to ply the goad too severely. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

WOOD, HAY, STUBBLE.

THE first requisite for a Sunday-school teacher is piety. Not a very original remark to be sure, nor entirely new to our readers, but one that is none the less important for being trite.

But piety is not the only requisite for a Sunday-school teacher. A good, pious, and eminently stupid Christian cannot be a Sunday-school teacher, let him try ever so sincerely. A great many people, a great many good and intelligent people, sit by Sunday-school classes, talk to Sunday-school classes, and really fancy themselves to be the teachers of those classes; but they are not. They are not Sunday-school teachers, for the very excellent reason that they are not *teachers* at all. A superintendent tells us that he has fifty teachers. We feel very sure that he has not much over half that number. The others are effigies. They fill up the roll and keep the classes in order. But teaching is as impossible to them as flying. They are as ignorant of it as the Ephesian disciples were of the Holy Ghost. They have not so much as heard of its existence. Doubtless their classes absorb a great deal of good from reading or studying their lessons, from the hymns and prayers; but teaching they do not get.

Indeed, there are some schools the arrangements of which are admirably adapted to make teaching nearly impossible. Those, for instance, where the subjects are not selected for their fitness, or rather where no selections are made at all, but the verses counted off into lessons of equal length, dealing out Scripture in exact rations. Some people have no other way of estimating Scripture than by chapters and verses. We know Sunday-schools, who count their attendance by the thousand, whose lessons of seven verses rarely ever complete a subject, and often sit astride the natural divisions into paragraphs; giving the pupil distant glimpses of two topics, but leaving him distracted between fragments neither of which signifies anything by itself. We once heard an advocate of this plan urge that in such a case the teacher might consider the meaningless character of his Sunday-school lesson a providential indication that he was to talk to his scholars generally on religious subjects. It is to be feared, however, that "providential indications" which grow out of our own blunders are of no more account than are general talks on religion. The opportunities for teaching must be quite infrequent where Scripture verses are measured off like dry goods.

There are schools, however, of quite a different class, where there can be but very little real teaching. We have seen Sunday-schools in which a good course of lessons was in use, in which improved methods of general management prevailed, but in which there was no room for teaching. For everybody was in a conspiracy against the teacher. The superintendent professed to give thirty-five minutes to the teacher; but, when a teacher had fairly gained the attention of his class, the librarian came round and dissipated it, and the work must all be done over again. Ten minutes later, the secretary interrupted the teacher for three minutes; and, when the few remaining minutes of the time were about to be used, the superintendent had an errand with either the teacher or his class. Of course, after a few Sabbaths, the teacher gave up in sheer hopelessness, and teaching was almost unknown in the school. Let us whisper to such a superintendent that, if he cannot prevent his library from interrupting the classes in any other way, he had better burn it; and that, if he cannot have a secretary that will regard the teacher's time as sacred, he had better have none. And, if a superintendent does not protect his teachers from interruption, let him be abolished, like any other nuisance.

For, after all, we must have teaching. The great mass of American children have no home instruction in religious matters. It is a sad fact, but none the less a stubborn one. The Sunday-school system is not to be blamed with the neglect; for it grows out of another root altogether. It is only one manifestation of the general indifference to domestic life and parental duty so prevalent. But, if the religious education that most of our children get is to be given to them in fifty-two half-hours in a year, then we *must* have teaching, and everything must yield to that.

And so, while conventions and institutes are often wearied with discussions of such abstractions as "What is the relationship of the Sabbath-school to the church?" We wish to ask two or three things just as earnestly as we know how. How shall we get rid of the obstructions to true teaching? How shall we get teachers who can teach? How shall we impress them with the fact that it is their business to teach? How shall we teach them how?

We may try to answer our own queries; but not now. It is better that those concerned should answer in their own hearts first. Meantime we may ask some pointed questions, "by way of application," of teachers: Do you teach? or are you only straw? Of superintendents: Do you bend your energies chiefly to help your teachers? Does the tone of your school make teachers? Of pastors: How many sermons do you preach each year to the Sabbath-school teachers, the most important part of your congregation? What instructions are you giving to those who are shaping or who might shape the character of the church of a dozen years hence?

And do not these last questions help us to answer the former ones?

THE OVEREND & GURNEY TRIAL.

ENGLAND has always had among her commercial classes certain families in which successful business management and splendid benevolence have been a regular inheritance, and have been passed on from generation to generation. A sort of fame grows up around these families, and their names acquire something like historical reputation. They symbolize the combination of commerce and charity, as some great Florentine names illustrated the combination of commerce and art. Among the English families which enjoyed the most of this enviable reputation was the family of Gurney. Its business ramifications spread all over England; its celebrity spread over the world. Wherever philanthropists are known the name of Joseph John Gurney is known. Far more famous still was his noble-minded sister, Elizabeth Fry. The Gurneys were, we need not say, a Quaker family. They formed alliances with families which were kindred, if not always in faith, yet in sympathies and efforts. They intermarried with the Fowell Buxtons; there is some marriage connection between them and the family of John Bright. They were at the head of an immense banking or rather bill-discounting house, and their wealth was enormous. The living representatives of the family lived like men of wealth. They had splendid town-houses and country-houses; they had seats in Parliament. Their charity was boundless. No benevolent project worth assisting was refused assistance by them. Large sums of money, of which the public never heard anything, were privately given away by them. One of the family told a gentleman who came to ask for help, for some apparently deserving object, that they were positively obliged to any one who could point them out such cases, for they had so much money that they did not know what to do with it. A very few years ago the name of their firm was as completely the synonym of impregnable commercial integrity as the name of the family was the synonym of boundless benevolence and charity.

Now the firm is gone, and the two leading representatives of the family are about to be tried for fraudulent conspiracy. The Grand Jury of the Court of Queen's Bench, London, have found that the bills of indictment are true bills, and that the living representatives of the family of Elizabeth Fry must stand their trial for fraud. We find it hard, indeed, to believe that the progress of the trial will not show that the Gurneys personally are innocent of any share whatever in fraud or deception of any kind. If men like these are false, then one would almost be tempted to say, with *Othello*, "Heaven mocks itself." But, however the trial may result, the story is one of the most melancholy instances known even to our day of a great commercial fabric, the growth of generations, suddenly crushed to pieces, and a noble hereditary reputation tarnished.

The ground on which the charge of fraud rests may be briefly explained. Three years ago, or thereabouts, the old firm of Overend & Gurney was converted into a Limited Liability Company, still bearing the same name and to some extent under the same direction. When the change was effected, it was, of course, represented to the public that the affairs of the company were in a flourishing condition; whereas, it is now asserted, and is, indeed, all but self-evident, that the firm was then hopelessly and inextricably involved. The prosecutor in the present case charges, for instance, that at the time of the transfer the assets of the company would not, on the most favorable construction, have approached within three and a half millions of pounds sterling of the imminent and certain liabilities. Had the firm then liquidated, it could not, the prosecutor asserts, have paid its unsecured creditors a dividend of one shilling in the pound. He therefore contends that the public were invited, and that himself and others were induced, by fraudulent representations, to become shareholders in a bankrupt, ruined, and hopeless enterprise. The plain matter of fact is that shortly after the formation of the Limited Liability Company came the great commercial smash, and Overend & Gurney went to pieces.

Of course, if the charges of the prosecutor prove to be true, nothing could palliate the conduct of the accused men. Even if they were not themselves actual deceivers, yet obviously the inattention, the inexcusable ignorance of their own affairs, which alone could explain their part in the transaction, would amount to something like positive guilt. As yet, however, it would be wrong and rash indeed to jump to any conclusions. The defense of the Gurneys has still to be heard. All we know is that, in the opinion of the grand jury, there is sufficient of a *prima facie* case made out to call for a full and formal trial. One thing we may perhaps venture to allude to. Great commercial failures have been common in England of late years: names that flaunted highly and shewily in London, and Liverpool, and Birmingham have gone down amid the indignant clamor of a public grown wise too late. Some of the men principally involved in the failures have managed somehow to retire into a very comfortable and even splendid bankruptcy—a bankruptcy which lives in fine country-houses, and drives carriages, and drinks the best wines, and prepares in agreeable retirement for new enterprises. Not so, we believe, with the Gurneys. They—or such of them as are involved in the ruin—have accepted poverty, have given up their private fortunes, and sternly elected to live as poor men. Such a fact is at least worth remembering, when we come to weigh the probabilities of a charge so strange and painful as that which subjects two members of the honored family of Gurney to the ignominy of a criminal prosecution.

THE NEXT POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

THE mails that carry this number of THE INDEPENDENT to our patrons will carry the result of the official count of votes for President of the United States, and may convey the additional news of the names of General Grant's Cabinet, about which some people have been cherishing such an intense curiosity. By the general run of the papers it would appear that the public anxiety is chiefly concentrated upon the Secretary of the Treasury; and, next to that, upon the Secretary of State. We do not think the public mind is turned as much as it ought to be to the office of Postmaster-General. So far as we have observed, this place has been hypothetically assigned to one or another of our public men, either as a reward for supposed political services, or for the purpose of keeping up a certain balance of sections in the disposal of offices, or else as a place in which to shelve some troubled expectant of some other office; and not at all with reference either to ability of administration suited to one of the most complicated departments of government, or to the known views of the individual as to the best means of making the Post-office what it can and ought to be.

We earnestly hope that one of the very first of the many reforms in government for which the people are so hopefully looking forward to Gen. Grant's administration will be the appointment of a Postmaster-General who knows something about postage, and who is capable of learning whatever he does not already know of its great importance, and the principles on which it ought to be regulated. The new Postmaster-General ought to be as much better than the present as the present one is better than many who have gone before him. Mr. Randall is entitled to the credit of being the first incumbent of that office who has had the good sense to recognize the absurdity of the old superstition that the first duty and care of the Post-office Department is to support itself and pay its own expenses. This notion has been one of the chief difficulties in the way of postal reform for the last thirty years, and is probably the main reason why our Post-office comes so far below that of Great Britain, both in usefulness and in popularity.

The next Postmaster-General ought to be able to see that a large part of the practical embarrassments which Mr. Randall has experienced in carrying out his many improvements have arisen from the radical vice of our system, which is the persistent rejection by Congress of the fundamental principle of UNIFORM PENNY POSTAGE. It was by the bold and persistent adoption of this principle that Sir Rowland Hill was able to impart to his system such an enthusiasm of popularity among all classes as to set everybody to writing letters who could write, and making all who could not anxious to learn, so that they could write. And this popularity enables the government to adhere strictly to the principle of uniformity, and to reject every scheme or demand which would encroach upon this one essential axiom. They have never been compelled to vary from this, or from the inflexible rule of prepayment in all cases, to conciliate legislators and public officers by the absurd franking privilege, or those of any other class by exceptional reductions of postage which so greatly increase the expense by complicating the accounts.

THE INDEPENDENT is entitled to speak on the subject, because it has always made a specialty of cheap postage, and has never failed to urge the adoption of the true scientific principle of a uniform penny rate. The Buffalo Convention of 1848 pledged the party of freedom, in whose behalf it acted, to the cause of cheap postage as one of the enduring planks of its platform. The Rebellion and its consequences kept this cause in abeyance for a time; but there is now nothing to hinder its coming up with success, provided we can have a Postmaster-General clear-headed enough to understand the subject, and independent and energetic enough to carry it into execution.

Editorial Notes.

AN eminent Orthodox Christian gentleman at the West whose name, if we were at liberty to mention it, would add to the weight of his opinion—writing to us, says: "I wish to renew, what I have already retailed to THE INDEPENDENT, my sincere gratitude that the unsectarian character of the paper is still maintained. I rejoice in all its successes; I love its pages above all others. The doctors will not kill you before your work is done. Hold fast to Christ, and your own freedom of opinion. The Christian public will sustain you upon that ground."

....A Congregational clergyman in New Hampshire, who loves THE INDEPENDENT, requests us to add to our present "Ministerial Register" a table of "the deaths of ministers of all denominations throughout the country." It will add considerably to the present labor of preparing the "Register" every week, and occupy some space now given to other matters. But, at our friend's suggestion, we are disposed to make the experiment for a few weeks. It would help to make this department both prompt and complete if ministers and others would make early communication of events belonging to the Register.

....The *Overland Monthly* for January contained an article, not in the best taste, entitled "Something about the Bible." Among other things, its author refers most unfairly to 1 John, v., 7 as a passage which is a forgery, but which worshipers are "bamboozled into accepting as a revelation of God." We are sorry to see that the *Occident*, the Presbyterian organ of San Francisco, instead of admitting the ungenuineness of the verse, and showing that in most Bibles the reader is warned by brackets of its want of authority, claims that the question is yet undecided and that "the arguments on both sides are weighty." Surely, if the chosen defenders of the Bible are so much worse instructed in reference to it than its enemies, it is time to establish a theological seminary in California.

....Dr. J. R. Graves, of the Memphis *Baptist*, bears the reputation among his brethren of sitting on the ultra right wing of orthodoxy. And yet, for the sole reason that a stranger—Mrs. M. E. Brown, Brenham, Texas—has paid him an old, forgotten debt of six dollars, he makes bold to say: "Sister Brown is, without a doubt in our mind, a Christian woman." Hyper-Calvinist though he is, Dr. Graves is far too advanced for us. We believe a tree is known by its fruits; but we like to see more than one good olive before we so unhesitatingly vouch for its character. A long Christian life is a better evidence. We are, however, inclined to believe and hope from the evidence of a single act of honesty that she deserves to be called "*Sister*" Brown" and a Christian woman."

....The Chicago *Times* reports that Father Hecker's lecture in that city contained these statements: "In one township of New England, a town-meeting was held to determine what church should be organized. The Episcopalians had four majority over the Unitarians, and so they established an Episcopalian church. At present the Unitarians and Universalists are uniting, in order to support preaching; and even then, in some cases, a minister can only be supported by a grab-bag." Can it be that Father Hecker expects any intelligent audience to believe such an absurd story? Town-meetings for such purposes are a century or two out of date in New England. Why did not he give the name of the town? Is it because an indefinite, unlocalized lie is more likely to escape contradiction?

....The treasurer of Iowa College, Mr J. M. Chamberlain, writes: "In your issue of January 28th, you say: 'At the Congregational College, in Grinnell, Iowa, out of 300 students 200 are women. No liquors are sold in the town. The college is $190,000 in debt.' All the truth contained in the item is the fact that no liquors are sold in the town. Of the 200 students last year connected with the college only 105 were women and girls, 185 were men and boys. The college is not in debt, except for a small deficiency needed to pay the last bills on the new building, which was erected last year by funds raised in Iowa. The cost of the building was about $25,000. The institution is in a flourishing condition, and only needs the aid of increased endowments to set it in the front rank in the number of its students and the greatness of the work which it will do for Christ and sound learning."

....Rev. John Francis, a Baptist missionary, publishes an account of his being allowed to preach in Brigham Young's tabernacle, listened to by all the officials. That was just a part of Brigham Young's policy. He knew that Rev. John Francis would publish the fact, and that it would reach every Baptist family in the country, and that they would all say, "Salt Lake City is a free place, after all the charges made against it." It is his policy. So was Rev. Norman McLeod invited to speak there, and did it. But they would have killed him afterward if he had not been protected by the army when he ventured to speak against polygamy; and now we hear that an Episcopal clergyman has been driven out of the territory. Rev. John Francis would fare worse, if he attempted to make converts in Salt Lake City, than did Mr. Taylor's missionaries in Yangchow.

....Chicago had a novel sensation the other day, imparted from a concert by a hundred or so newsboys and bootblacks—rough diamonds picked up on the streets, by the untiring agents of the Home for this class of homeless ones, and made presentable by means of water and paper collars. They held forth musically, in a peculiar but not unattractive way to a large audience, including, besides some of the best citizens, a small lobby of street-boys. There are over five hundred little vagabonds engaged in these two occupations in the city; and some benevolent people are doing a good work—gathering them into a building erected for their especial shelter, boarding, and instruction. The city now imposes a petty tax of one dollar for each newsboy and bootblack license; but a movement is making to have the provision repealed, or at least to cause the proceeds to be applied to the support of the Home.

....A weekly religious sheet, published in London, called *The Revival*, publishes, Jan. 28th, a list of "Lady Evangelists"—containing the names of seven ladies, married and unmarried, who labor in the public ministry of the Word, as evangelists, endeavoring to promote the interests of revivals. Miss Robinson is to have the building in Norwich formerly occupied for a monastery by Father Ignatius. Miss Octavia Jany delivers evangelistic addresses at Dereham and other places in Norfolk. Miss Macfarlane at Kilburn Hall and St. Neots's. Mrs. M. Buxton (lately Miss Foster), at Scarborough, Worcester, and other places, often in Friends' meeting-houses. Miss Wilson and Miss Matthews in Newcastle and the vicinity. Mrs. Doning (lately Miss G. Hooper) at Notting-Hill and Exeter.

....The Republicans of Connecticut have renominated their last year's state ticket, and made a better platform than we expected. The resolution on suffrage declares "that the full freedom and equal citizenship to all citizens, native and adopted, having been established by constitutional amendment, honor and justice, as well as the preservation of our full representation in Congress, require that conditions of suffrage should apply impartially to all men, so that this may be truly a government deriving its powers from the consent of the governed." Gov. Hawley presided in the convention, and in his speech alluded to the suffrage question in these words: "I trust that Connecticut will not be behind the other states in the matter. We have this odius distinction on account of race and color yet upon our statutes. It is a modern idea this heresy of 'a white man's government.' It is a remnant of Calhounism. It behooves us now to say that all conditions of suffrage shall apply to all alike." If the party can be kept up to this high level, it will at least deserve success.

....As an example to other colleges, we are pleased to mention the most laudable attempts of some of the professors of Yale College to teach their students the art of observation. Prof. Dana has made 52 walks about the city of New Haven, accompanied by professors in other departments of science. He is now writing up his notes, with the assistance of Prof. D. C. Gilman, who is one of the best historians in Connecticut; Prof. Verrill, an excellent zoologist; and Prof. Brewer, who knows all about the botanical treasures of the region. And the chapters which are now being published in the *College Courant* will, when collected in book form, be an invaluable *vade mecum* for students in their perambulations of the vicinity. Many a class text-book would be less instructive and disciplinary. Harvard has a wealth of historical associations in her immediate vicinity; and colonial history is now the most popular of all investigations. We nowhere ever saw such a richness and variety of *flora* as there is in the country about Amherst. And, were the instructors in these and other colleges to do a similar service for their pupils, we are sure it would be well appreciated as well as exceedingly instructive.

....The Spanish Provisional Government have at last risen to the hight of the situation. The special correspondent of the *Tribune* announces that the government will submit to the Cortes, about to meet in a few days, a bill for the total abolition of slavery in the colonial possessions of Spain. It is to be regretted that Prim and his colleagues did not at once make up their minds to such a measure, and, when they pulled down the Bourbon flag in Cuba, set the standard of abolition in its place. But to adopt the principle of entire abolition is a great step even now for a Spanish government. We do not doubt that the measure will be carried. The Spanish people have no more interest in slavery or affection for it than the French or the English. Certain classes and castes there are, of course, in Spain herself and in her colonies to whom the old system is commercially and sentimentally dear; but the policy of abolition will sweep over them without much trouble. Emancipationists in Cuba, however, will not be likely to forget that the proclamation of the end of slavery came first from the leaders of the revolution. Gen. Prim, who is opposed in principle to all slavery, appears at first to have lacked what the French call the courage of his opinions.

....We lately mentioned the fact that Otterbein University, under the control of the denomination known as "United Brethren in Christ," opens its doors to pupils of both sexes on equal terms. The *Religious Telescope* says: "Otterbein College is the leading, as also the oldest, of the eight or ten higher schools of learning of the United Brethren Church. The ability of its faculty and the thoroughness of its course place it in rank among the first schools of Ohio. An excellent building, worth probably $50,000, was erected several years ago, to supplement those already existing. On this some debt remains. A partial endowment, amounting to $60,000, has lately been secured." But the "United Brethren in Christ" have done more than to admit girls to their university. The Western Reserve Annual Conference of the denomination, at its last annual meeting, after an able address by Rev. W. H. Miller, adopted resolutions declaring that "the time has fully come to remove every civil disability under which woman groans; and, instead of an outcast, make her a free citizen and a subject of legal protection." This action is creditable alike to the good sense and the Christian spirit of the United Brethren, and we hope the example may be soon followed by other denominations of Christians.

....Bishop Arthur Cleveland Cox, of the Western New York Diocese, has issued a pastoral letter to the clergy and laity under his jurisdiction, apropos to the season of Lent. Having mentioned the late pastoral letter of the House of Bishops, as suggesting those practical matters to which attention should be particularly directed, he says:

"The enormities of theatrical exhibitions, and lasciviousness of dances too commonly tolerated in our times, are there so specially pointed out as disgraceful to the age and irreconcilable with the Gospel of Christ that I feel it my duty to the souls of my flock to warn those who run with the world to 'the same excess of riot' in these things, that they presume not to come to the holy table. Classes preparing for confirmation are informed that I will not lay hands, knowingly, on any one who is not prepared to renounce such things, with other abominations of 'the world, the flesh, and the devil.' Let all such choose deliberately whom they will serve; and, if salvation be worth striving for, let them be persuaded to a sober life, to self-denials, and to the pure and innocent enjoyments which the Gospel not only permits but which it only can create. It is high time that the lines should be drawn between worldly and godly living; and I see no use in a Lent that is not sanctified to such ends. I have heretofore warned my flock against the blood-guiltiness of ante-natal infanticide. If any doubts existed heretofore as to the propriety of my warnings on this subject, they must now disappear before the fact that the world itself is beginning to be horrified by the practical results of the sacrifices to Moloch which defile our land. Again I warn you that they who do such things cannot inherit eternal life. If there be a special damnation for those who 'shed innocent blood,' what must be the portion of those who have no mercy upon their own flesh? Dearly beloved, 'save yourselves from this untoward generation.'"

....Rev. Crammond Kennedy is no longer in the Baptist communion. The Fifth-avenue Baptist church of this city has formally resolved to withdraw its fellowship from him for promulgating doctrines not held by that church. He is guilty of the crime of teaching that a Baptist can properly sit down at the Lord's table with his wife, who has been baptized with a little less water than himself. We charge the Fifth-avenue Baptist church with a spirit of ritualism as odious and a selfish exclusiveness as arrogant as prevails in St. Albans! What is baptism? It is but a rite, a physical service. What gives it its value? Not its crust, but its kernel; nothing but the spirit of obedience which its observance indicates. Who has revealed the original method of this rite so clearly in these last days to the Fifth-avenue Baptist church that its members know beyond a peradventure just how it was performed? Whence have they learned that one style of ritualism is to be undeviatingly followed? Do they as carefully guard the original ritual of the Lord's Supper? Is it with them a full meal? It was with the apostles; in Jerusalem or Corinth as full a meal as a baptistery is full of water! Who permitted them to abbreviate it to a half mouthful of bread and wine, as stingy of food as sprinkling is of water? Do they recline on couches, as did Christ and his disciples when he instituted the ordinance? The vote excluding Mr. Kennedy from fellowship is said to have been unanimous. Has formalism such unquestioned control of that church? When a very plain-spoken, sensible man learned that not one single evangelical Episcopalian of Long Island was found bold enough to appeal from Bishop Potter's arbitrary robbery of his certified right to vote from Rev. Alvah Guion—a robbery of a single vote which gave the bishopric of Long Island to Bishop Potter's candidate—our friend uttered the single indignant but expressive word, "Geese!" We trust, overawed and feeble-minded though they may be, that there are yet some meek low-churchmen in the "unanimous" Fifth-avenue Baptist church.

....The noted Father Hecker, founder of the Paulist Order in the Roman Catholic Church, has recently been on an extended tour of lecturing in the West. His subject was "Martin Luther and his Times." From accounts which have reached us we infer that this trip has not particularly increased Father Hecker's reputation either for talent or for candor, and that it certainly was not so successful as the tour of preaching and lecturing which he made over the same region last Spring. Of course, great allowances must be made for the verdicts of persons who are strongly opposed in opinion to Father Hecker; but there is a fatal unanimity in these verdicts upon the point that his lecture on Luther is not only very sophistical but very weak. In many of the towns which he visited his discourse has awakened some of the old-fashioned controversies between Romanism and Protestantism. Perhaps the most striking case of this kind occurred in Jackson, Mich., where the Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Mr. McGrath, gave notice at the end of Father Hecker's lecture that he would reply to it on the week following. Father Hecker heard the notice and went about his business; but slipped back the next week all the way from Iowa, and made his appearance in Mr. McGrath's audience, when he announced that he would reply to the reply the week after, which he did. Perhaps in no other town has Father Hecker's lecture produced a more fruitful reaction than in Ann Arbor, the seat of Michigan University. Here the thousand students, who heard the anti-Protestant plea with a keen appreciation of its historical and philosophical fallacies, were anxious to have the whole subject thoroughly handled by some competent person. Their desire has been responded to by Rev. Charles H. Brigham, the Unitarian pastor of the town, who as a scholar and a thinker carries guns enough to set up in business fifty Father Heckers. Mr. Brigham has commenced a series of Sunday-evening lectures on the times of the Reformation, and is attracting to his church such immense crowds of students and citizens that hundreds are turned from the door.

....If there is one religious newspaper in the country that has spice in it, it is the *Christian Recorder*, the organ of the African Methodists. To be sure, we do not believe in the policy or justice of perpetuating a church founded on the principle of color. But if it is unreasonable to expect of the colored Christians a wisdom which most white people have not yet attained; especially when the assertion of their claims to fraternity of church relation with their uncolored brethren would put them under social disadvantages, against which there must be a long and discouraging struggle. The *Recorder* displays a keenness, a common-sense that is too often claimed as an Anglo-Saxon monopoly. Its comments on the relations of the Unitarians to the African Methodists have been exceedingly shrewd. In the last number, the editor, referring to the flattering terms in which the press has spoken of the negroes and their late Washington convention, says:

"Now, gentlemen, we know that we have some virtues—that we have made commendable progress; but please do not dress us up in such bright colors. If you do, we will think *you mean something*. We are willing to stand on the record we have made. We are willing to take only what merit demands. We know that, as a race, we are behind you; please do not tell us we are ahead of you. If the present generation of negroes were the equal of the present generation of native-born white Americans, what would it prove? Why, it would turn the whole logic of the world into nonsense. It would prove that circumstances are nothing; that slavery is as good as freedom; that the lash is as good as the pedagogue's pointer. It would prove that morals are nothing; that virtue is no better than vice—in fact, there would be no virtue, no vice. The negro claims no superiority to the Saxon: only an equality. He claims to do nothing that a Saxon could not do. His argument is that the same circumstances will produce the same result among all the races of men; that the negro is no better and no worse than any other man would be under the same treatment. Hence, let our dear friends cease to flatter us. A convention of us does not yet come up to the American Congress."

It would be hard to write better sense or terser English than that. Let us add one more extract from the same paper. After noticing a poem in the *New Eclectic*, addressed to Baltimore, it begs the author to accept the following additional stanzas to supply a deficiency in the ode:

"She bartered in the flesh of men
And women frail, caged in a pen,
Paid college debts with black children.

She took the negro's hard-earned mite,
That her white poor might learn to write.
To *write*, but not to *do* the right."

Personal.

A NEW book, entitled "Brownville Papers," by our valued contributor, Prof. Moses Coit Tyler, of Michigan University, is now in the press of Fields, Osgood & Co., of Boston, and will appear early in the Spring.

....The Marquis de Moustier, lately foreign minister in France, has just died. M. de Moustier was an able man and a devoted Bonapartist. He belonged to an ancient family, which had had many diplomatists among its members, and he himself held office several times. He resigned his post as foreign minister only at the close of last year.

....Hon. Francis Dewey, of Worcester, Mass., a member of the State Senate, has been appointed by Gov. Claflin to be one of the judges of the Superior Court. His father, Hon. Charles Dewey, of Northampton, was long one of the judges of the Supreme Judicial Court; and *his* father, Hon. Daniel Dewey, of Williamstown, was a judge of the same court before him. It is not common to see one family filling such high judicial stations through three successive generations.

....It is with grief that we chronicle the death of Mr.—we had almost said Rev.—R. G. Pardee; for where was there to be found a more earnest minister of religion than this earnest unordained preacher? In the work of advancing and improving our Sabbath-schools every one knows that he took a leading part. In this work he was as successful as an instructor of the clergy, by whom he was often invited to their conventions and associations, as he was useful in institutes and inspiring as a speaker to children. We are glad that he was spared to see many others led by his Christian enthusiasm to share his work; and that he has left behind him, in the "Sunday-school Index," the ripened fruit of his experience as his legacy to the churches.

....A Chicago correspondent of the *Evening Post* says: "The attendants on Plymouth Congregational church and many others are much gratified at the acquisition of Rev. William A. Bartlett, late of Brooklyn, as pastor of that church. The fascinating and cogent eloquence of this gentleman has already given him a high reputation; and under his ministry the young church, situated in one of the finest portions of the city, supported by a very excellent class of people, and possessing a noble edifice, will rapidly increase in strength and numbers. The salary, $7,000 per year for the first year, is wholly raised by the increased sale of slips; and the $10,000 promised in future will also be readily raised. The West can furnish many tempting fields for Eastern clergymen, besides attending to all applicants that it can produce."

....Mr. H. C. Dorsey, of Providence, R. I., has a habit of celebrating his birthday, the 31st of December, by giving a bountiful feast to the convicts of all the state-prisons in New England. This year he extended his bounty to the inmates of Sing Sing Prison and Albany Penitentiary, in this state. For the expense of the latter he sent $200 to Gen. Fullsbury. Mr. Dorsey is an ornamental painter, so prosperous that he has "more work ordered than he can do in three years." It is said that he was once himself an inmate of a state-prison. His generous sympathy and his success in life are powerful motives to induce other convicts to subsequent good conduct. The best result to himself is in those blessed words whose divine beauty nothing can diminish: "Forasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of my disciples, ye have done it unto me."

....We call attention to the card of President Blanchard, of Wheaton College, in another column. The petty charge of the *Congregationalist* that

addressed by Rev. J. D. Fulton, Baptist. The free-seat system is adopted.

....The Louisiana and Mississippi Methodist conferences have expressed themselves unanimously in favor of lay representation.

....The Archbishop of Canterbury has removed the inhibition on the ministrations of "Father Ignatius."

....The new rooms of the Young Men's Christian Association of Brooklyn, E.D., were opened last week

....The Hartford Theological Seminary will receive $40,000 by the will of Mr. Charles Hosmer, of that city.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, February 8th, 1869.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

THE Senate never hurries in an important matter. There are some of its members who would insist upon "arguing the question" with Death, if he stood at their door with his dread summons. A week has passed since the House agreed to the proposed Constitutional Amendment, and the Senate is still discussing it. Mr. Sumner urges his bill, contending that it is better to establish manhood suffrage at once by congressional enactment. His argument is sound and satisfactory to many Republicans, but not to all; and herein lies the weakness of his plan. It divides the Republicans, and probably cannot pass the House over the President's veto. Mr. Boutwell is so convinced of this that he does not press the bill which the Judiciary Committee placed in his charge, and which covers substantially the ground of Mr. Sumner's bill. The Massachusetts senator is too much of a statesman to insist upon his plan to the exclusion of others; in truth, he supports this proposed amendment also. If he cannot get what he desires, he will, for the present, content himself with what the Senate will grant.

The debate upon the amendment between the Connecticut senators was curious and amusing. Mr. Dixon had nothing to say on the abstract question of suffrage, but insisted that Connecticut is "an independent republic," and should be permitted to settle this suffrage question without interference from Congress. He took a position as ultra on state rights as the old Virginia Democrats used to occupy; and insisted upon bringing the Rev. Dr. Bacon, of New Haven, to his support. Here is his accusation against the Doctor:

"Now, sir, what did Dr. Bacon say? Dr. Bacon, remember, is an advocate of negro suffrage. He believes that it ought to be permitted. He is one of the advanced guard of the Republican party. He stands now with my colleague against the many possibly not those who have gone before him in the direction of general amnesty and forgiveness of the rebels; but in all matters of Radical doctrine I think my colleague will admit that he stands where Wendell Phillips and Fred Douglass advanced. Why, sir, my colleague [Mr. Dixon] said that strongly as he was in favor of granting the elective franchise to the negro in Connecticut (I quote, of course, from my colleague's memory, for I never rose it him if I think I am not stating it too strongly) then to adopt the proposition of the color line in Massachusetts, to force it upon it, or to interfere with it her will."

My impression is that he misrepresents Dr. Bacon. That he is in favor of equal suffrage all know; and it is to be presumed that he supports a constitutional amendment guaranteeing it in all the states.

Mr. Perry defended equal suffrage eloquently and nobly. To the people of Connecticut—who during the last ten years have seen that state represented in the Senate by timid, "conservative," or personal sneakers—it must be delightful at last to hear a live man from that state speak upon a question of human rights. So fine was his closing paragraph that I must for once violate a rule I have made never to quote from speeches in this correspondence. When it is remembered that it fell from the lips of a *Connecticut* senator I shall be forgiven:

"To the Greek, tracing his lineage back through heroes and demi-gods to the very Father of Olympus, all the world outside of Hellas was but a barbaric chaos. To the Israelite of Abraham were the children of God, to whom the very touch of their flesh was defilement to the Jew. And now I will look for a moment the curtain from the Athenian Areopagus, in the manner of that brilliant Greek life, that he is drawing, is proclaiming "God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." Blood is the term of that which is contained in those words rapidly approaching our own time shores. Three centuries have swept since Europe spat forth her children out of all her diverse nationalities upon this Atlantic coast, and Africa in chains was driven hither to be their servant; while from the golden shore of the sovereign state of the Orient is sending its myriads outward across the Pacific. Europe, Asia, Africa are blood me here into a nationality such as the world has never seen; a nation where equal civil rights and equal political rights, under the benign operation of a Constitution bound in its humanity as the sway of the ocean, shall be the law for every individual; a nationality which shall realize the vision of the statesman and (may we not hope) the aspiration of the Christian."

There has been a vigorous debate in the House upon the Indian Bureau. Mr. Garfield, in speaking upon it, entered the domain of theology. He said that, while he would not declare himself a believer in total depravity, yet he intimated that most men who were sorely tempted, with a prospect of secrecy, fell. He believed that almost everybody connected with the Indian Bureau was corrupt; and so terrible were the temptations our present system presents that human nature is not strong enough to withstand them. Spite of his indignant eloquence, the Bureau stands. This question of "corruption" has been the topic of society the last fortnight. Congressional investigations, and the investigations of some of the correspondents, have furnished enough facts for a dozen sermons upon old-fashioned honesty. Some of the Western correspondents make startling allegations respecting "the Railroad ring" and "the Indian ring," even casting suspicion upon persons in high places. The newspapers intimate that in some of the recent senatorial elections corrupt influences were made use of to help one or both sides in the contest. Congressional investigations, it is said, show that two or three gentlemen were paid thousands in Russian gold to carry through the appropriation for the purchase of Alaska, etc., etc. How much of truth there is in all these rumors and statements the public can judge; but it is to be feared that there is enough to soil the reputation of the nation, and to call upon the pulpit and the press to denounce everything that can possibly cast suspicion upon our public men. It is not sufficient that they be pure; they should avoid suspicious connections and combinations. Mr. Schenck intimated in the House, the other day, that lobbyists are generally rascals. Then let members avoid lobbyists, as they would admitted "rascals." A man's general character, if it be good, whether he be senator, representative, editor, or correspondent, will save him from obloquy, except in extraordinary cases. He who pursues an honest, unselfish course will rarely be misunderstood. Who for one instant would dare cast suspicion upon the honesty of Charles Sumner? Yet it is true that many good men are careless of their conduct, and suffer for it afterward.

A number of railroad schemes have been combined by the Senate Committee on the Pacific Railroad, and upon new conditions. Five great projects are reported to the Senate, each calling for Government bonds to the amount of thirty thousand dollars per mile; but, it is claimed, on such conditions as will render the Government perfectly secure. It is too late in the session to carry through such an immense omnibus bill, with the knowledge that Gen. Grant is opposed to it. These enterprises must wait a little; but no one can doubt their eventual success.

D. W. B.

News of the Week.

CONGRESS has passed the long-contested Copper Bill, which only needs the signature of the President to become a law.

....President Johnson has given an order for the remains of Mrs. Surratt to be delivered to her family for decent burial.

....The Southern senators held a secret caucus in Washington, on Saturday evening last; but what objects they had in view have not been made public.

....It is announced from Paris that Queen Isabella has issued another manifesto, denouncing the revolution and asserting her rights to the throne.

....All the lottery-dealers in New Orleans have been enjoined not to continue their business; and there is, consequently, great excitement among them.

....Virginia and Mississippi sent their electoral votes to Senator Wade; but it is not supposed that they expected to be counted in with the reconstructed states.

....The representatives of the Irish Republican Association called upon Gen. Grant, on Saturday, to urge the appointment of one of their fraternity to a seat in his cabinet.

....Chief-Justice Chase, on Monday last, affirmed the decision of the Supreme Court of Oregon in favor of the taxes in that state being paid in coin.

....The Yale College alumni in Congress held a meeting on Saturday night last, preparatory to the organization of a Congressional Yale Club. Judge Spalding, of Ohio, was chosen president.

....Brigham Young defies the Pacific Railroad, so far as it threatens to interfere with the religion of the Mormons, who are actively employed in grading the main line of the road.

....The Senate Military Committee, on Monday, came to the tardy decision that negroes who had been slaves were entitled to the same bounty as other volunteer soldiers.

....It is now regarded in Washington as certain that the Forty-first Congress, which will meet on the 4th of March, will remain in session at least a month, in order to pass the new tax and tariff bills.

....In the U. S. Senate, on Monday last, Senator Sherman, of Ohio, presented a petition, and spoke in its favor, for the recognition in the Constitution of the Almighty as the source of all civil authority.

....A part of President Johnson's family have already left the White House and gone back to Tennessee. Mrs. Johnson was prevented last week from going with her daughter, Mrs. Stover, by ill health.

....General Grant has been spending a few days with his friends in this city—the last visit he will make here before his inauguration. He left on Tuesday for Washington, Mrs. Grant having preceded him by one day.

....The legislature of Georgia has declared against the decision of the courts on the question of the eligibility of black men to hold seats in that body. They declare that the decision of the house is final and irreversible.

....His Holiness, the Pope, it is announced from Madrid, has forbidden the Spanish prelates elected as members of the Cortez from taking seats in that body. It is also announced that Olozaga will be chosen president of the Constitutional Cortez.

....The Cretan Provisional Government are reported to have sent their president, Constantine Volondaki, as an ambassador to the United States. He was in Paris on the 23d of January. He published a letter in the *Siecle* stating the object of his mission to this country.

....The Northwestern Associated Press, which met last week, excluded certain journalists from membership; who thereupon formed a new association, to receive reports over the Mississippi Valley National Telegraph. A meeting to perfect the organization will be held at St. Louis, on the 24th inst.

....The Greek difficulty is no nearer a settlement than it was before the Paris protocol was agreed to by the "Great Powers." King George is said to be in favor of it, but his subjects are opposed to it; and, if he signs it, they threaten to deprive him of his throne.

....The Hon. Galusha A. Grow's injuries by the accident on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad were not of a serious character. The rear car of the train was thrown down an embankment ten feet in hight, and made a complete revolution. Mr. Grow was at the stove, and had a narrow escape from being fatally burned.

....Every fresh report from Cuba goes to prove that the insurrection in that island constantly gains in power, and that the movement among the native Cubans amounts to real revolution, which is not likely to travel backward. The local press is nearly all revolutionary, and *La Verdad* concludes one of its leaders with "*Viva Cuba! viva la Revolution!*"

....Wendell Phillips, A. B. Alcott, and T. W. Higginson are the leading names upon a petition asking that a commission of five members, with leave to report to the next Massachusetts legislature, be appointed to consider the relation which the reduction of the hours of labor bears to the industrial, commercial, and social interests of the state.

....A telegram from San. Francisco brings Mexican news to Jan. 31st. There had been terrible floods in the State of Sinaloa in consequence of prolonged rains. Many streams overflowed their banks, doing great damage to property. Several villages are reported to have been entirely destroyed, involving great loss of life. The people fled to the hills to escape the danger, and were suffering for the necessaries of life.

....Among the mass of contradictory reports received from Spain, the only gleam of intelligence which can be received with equal satisfaction and certainty is the announcement that slavery in the Spanish colonies is to be abolished, let what party get into permanent power that may. According to present indications the monarchy is to be preserved, but who the monarch will be remains uncertain.

....The defeat of Lopez in the battle of the week ending December 12th is fully confirmed by advices from Villeta up to the 15th. His men were first driven from Angostura on the 8th; they retired upon Villeta, which was garrisoned by some 10,000 men, under Lopez himself. On the 11th their strong pass of Baldovina was carried by storm, and on the 12th the allies occupied Villeta. The allied squadron went up the river to Assumption, to organize there a provisional government, while Lopez, with his friend, the new American minister, is supposed to have retreated into the interior.

....The votes of the electoral colleges for president and vice-president will be counted by the president *pro tem.* of the Senate, on Wednesday of this week, in the presence of the two houses of Congress. The following is a copy of the notification which will be issued to Gen. Grant after the declaration of the vote of the Electoral College to-morrow, and which will serve as the certificate of his election as President of the United States. It is in the handwriting of Mr. C. C. Sympson, of Illinois, one of the clerks in the office of the Secretary of the Senate, and is written on a sheet of parchment nine and one-half by thirteen inches. In the left hand corner at the bottom is the seal of the Senate stamped in the parchment. The same gentleman wrote the notification of Abraham Lincoln and of Andrew Johnson, and also the summons which was served on the latter when he was impeached:

"Be it known, that the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America, being assembled at the Capitol, in the City of Washington, on the second Wednesday, being the 10th day of February, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty-nine, the underwritten President of the Senate did, in presence of the said Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates and count all the votes of the electors for a President and Vice-President, by which it appears that Ulysses S. Grant was duly elected, agreeably to the Constitution, President of the United States for four years, commencing on the 4th day of March, 1869.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed the seal of the Senate, this 10th day of February, 1869.

"President of the Senate."

Publisher's Department.

A SPOOL OF THREAD.

ONE of the largest factories in the United States is in Willimantic. A new building, costing a million dollars, has lately been added to the previously extensive and expensive little manufacturing city. This building is over 400 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 5 stories high. A second building, over 200 feet long, five other large buildings, and 60 smaller houses are crowded with a population larger than many a Western city can boast. And it is no mighty product that these millions of capital are taxed to produce: no ponderous locomotives, no bulky sewing-machines, no costly watches are turned out from the Willimantic factory. All this enterprise, and capital, and labor are devoted to a small product. It takes that million of dollars to make a spool of white cotton thread. To be sure it could be made cheaper; but the Company is determined, wherever the name of Willimantic goes (and where does it not go?), that its manufacture shall be found unsurpassed in value. Probably all of our lady readers are familiar with their colored threads; but some of them may not be aware that this new factory, with the best and most costly machinery, is devoted entirely to quite another branch of the industry. The most valuable thread is one which shall be white, strong, of a soft finish, and true to its numbers. This want the Company mean to supply, if skill and money can do it, by producing the best and most honest thread in the market. They use only the best Sea Island cotton, a material almost as expensive as silk; and they certainly produce a superior quality of thread from their 50,000 spindles. We have untwisted it, and find it really six-corded, even up to quite high numbers; and there is none of that useless glaze, which rots the thread and makes it too stiff to hold the work firmly. We are not surprised to learn, as their advertisement states, that Wheeler & Wilson have thoroughly tested this new thread of the Willimantic Linen Company (George S. Moulton & Co., Sole Agents in New York City, No. 101 Chambers street), and have recommended it to their patrons as superior to any other; and we are sure that what is the best for their use will be found no less adapted to all other sewing-machines.

THE demand for "Perkins & House's Non-Explosive Kerosene Lamp" has already become so great that the Manufacturing Company, at Cleveland, has been compelled to treble its capacity, and get the assistance of several New England factories.

They want agents everywhere. For full particulars send (with stamp) to VOTAW & MONTGOMERY, Cleveland, O., or Springfield, Mass.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY OF BOSTON, by saving the expense of collecting agents, is enabled to give away in its work *all that is given to it.* Economy is its principle. Those who want the *whole amount* of their donations to go for benevolence will find this society's method *just the thing.*

The Independent.

PREMIUMS.

Subject in every respect to TERMS on First Page.

Putnam's Monthly Magazine.

Steadily and rapidly growing in merit and popularity, and a great favorite in tens of thousands of families.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Putnam's Magazine* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Putnam*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Putnam's Magazine* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Monthly.

Always rich, racy, and readable, popular alike with old and young, splendidly illustrated, and worthy of its extensive patronage.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Monthly*—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Monthly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Monthly* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

The Galaxy.

Bold, talented, liberal, attractive writers, fine stories, and every way deserving its high position and great prosperity.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *The Galaxy* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The Galaxy*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *The Galaxy* one year to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Weekly.

A favorite everywhere and with everybody; and all our subscribers, of course, will order it through us at the reduced price.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Weekly* for one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Weekly*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Weekly* one year as a present to any new subscriber that for periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Harper's Bazar,

with its fashion-plates, illustrations, engravings, and minute instructions in regard to all matters pertaining to this toilette, is regarded as indispensable authority in all "good society."

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and *Harper's Bazar* one year—price $4—to any person (not already a subscriber to *Harper's Bazar*) who will send us $5 50; or we will send *Harper's Bazar* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the names of three new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

American Agriculturist.

More than a hundred thousand farmers and others take it, and pronounce it first-rate. It is also a great favorite with city gentry, and alike a necessity and a luxury.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *American Agriculturist* one year—price $1 50—to any person who will send us $3 75; or we will send the *American Agriculturist* one year as a present to any person who will send us the names of two new subscribers to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

National Sunday-school Teacher, of Chicago.

Altogether the best, cheapest, and most popular Sabbath-school monthly in America, and worthy of a place in every family. Friends of the young should labor earnestly for its extensive circulation; and, if possible, introduce it into every Sabbath-school class and Bible-class in the nation.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and the *National Sunday-school Teacher* (monthly) for one year—price $1 50—to any person (not already a subscriber to *The National Sunday-school Teacher*) who will send us $3; or we will send the *National Sunday-school Teacher* one year as a present to any new subscriber for that periodical who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Carpenter's Book,

SIX MONTHS AT THE WHITE HOUSE WITH ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This book has now a world-wide reputation, and those who desire perfect familiarity with the beautiful life and character of Abraham Lincoln should have it without delay. We have already given away nearly twenty thousand copies, and are ready to send broadcast a hundred thousand or five hundred thousand more.

We will send THE INDEPENDENT one year—price $2 50—and "Six Months at the White House"—price $1 50—postage paid to any person who will send us $3; or we will send "Six Months at the White House" as a present to any person who will send us the name of one new subscriber to THE INDEPENDENT, with the money.

Worcester's Unabridged Pictorial Quarto Dictionary.

We will present this magnificent unabridged pictorial dictionary—price $10—to any person who will send us the names of six new subscribers, with the money ($15), or to any person not in arrears who will renew his subscription for eight years and pay us $20. This splendid volume, of eighteen hundred and fifty pages, is becoming more and more popular wherever the English language is spoken, and by thousands it is pronounced vastly superior to any other dictionary in the world. It is worth a whole library of ordinary trash, called books, and should be owned and paced on the centre-table for daily consultation and study in *every family.* Our favorable contract with the Publishers enables us to offer it for the trifling effort of obtaining six new subscribers. Reader, if you are destitute, go to work.

RITCHIE'S

Celebrated Steel Engraving of Hicks's famous and beautiful Oil Painting, entitled

"Authors of the United States."

HUNDREDS ALREADY GIVEN AWAY, AND EVERYBODY IS DELIGHTED.

This wonderful steel engraving—size 30 by 35 inches—is one of Ritchie's finest productions, and would be a splendid ornament to hang in any parlor or library in the United States. It contains a good-sized likeness of the following distinguished authors:

IRVING.	PAUDING.
BRYANT.	PAISE. GODWIN.
LONGFELLOW.	
HALLECK.	
MRS. SIGOURNEY.	
MRS. STOWE.	
MRS. SOUTH.	FULLER
MITCHELL.	
HOLMES.	
HOLDER.	
KING.	
MRS. HOWARD BRACH.	
ALICE CARY.	
PHOEBE CARY.	
BAYARD TAYLOR.	
POE.	
CHEEVER.	
HAWTHORNE.	
EMMONS.	
PAULDING.	
MRS. SOUTHWORTH COOKE.	
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The lowest price of this beautiful engraving is $12. We have purchased the steel plate, at a cost of $1,500, and now offer to present a copy of the engraving to any person who will send us the names of four new subscribers, with the money, $10, or who will renew their own subscription for four years and pay us $20. The engraving will be delivered at our office, or it will be carefully packed and sent free of charge to any part of the country where there is a post-office—but not further West than Kansas, Nebraska, and Minnesota. We believe this picture honestly to be the most valuable and beautiful present ever offered by any newspaper for four new subscribers. Perfect satisfaction is absolutely guaranteed, *or the money will be refunded* in every case, and to all persons who order this engraving on the liberal terms proposed.

Grover & Baker SEWING-MACHINE.

GREAT PREMIUM FOR 1869.

Sewing Machines Given Away BY THOUSANDS.

A MAGNIFICENT OFFER TO Every Subscriber of The Independent.

TO EVERY READER, AND TO EVERY PERSON Wanting a Perfect Sewing Machine,

TAKE NOTICE.

GROVER & BAKER'S world-renowned No. 23 Family Sewing Machine, with hemmer and tucker complete, sells for $55, cash. We will present such a machine to any person who will send us the names of TWENTY-TWO new subscribers (see terms on first page), which, at our usual rates, $2 50 each, is $55—*just the cash price of the machine.*

We simply want the names (with the money) of *twenty-two persons* who do not take our paper, and who really subscribe for it; they may be sent one at a time, or all together; they may be at one post-office, or more than one—we are only particular that they shall be *bona-fide new subscribers.* On this liberal offer we shall expect to send one of these indispensable household articles into almost every village in the country.

There are thousands of very worthy but poor women connected with our churches who may be made comparatively independent if they can be furnished with a sewing machine. To obtain it, and easily too, it is only necessary for some friend to make a move. A clergyman writes us that he announced publicly to his congregation that they might be called on to subscribe for THE INDEPENDENT, in order to supply a needy family with the means of self-support—a sewing machine. The object was speedily accomplished, and the family no longer lived on charity. Those who think "charity begins at home" will, of course, need only a slight "stirring up" to induce them to practice their principles in such a good cause.

The best gifts are those that have a permanent value, that do not deteriorate with use, or lose their interest and importance with the lapse of time.

There are very few purchasable *household* articles which retain their value, and all the time yield a splendid interest on the investment; but among them we must put down first a GROVER & BAKER Sewing Machine. This modern miracle, this magic seamstress, with exact eye and tireless fingers, not only repays over and over again in a very short time the money spent in its purchase, but is capable of becoming a small fortune to its possessor.

It is the most valuable gift that a husband can make to his wife, a father to his daughter, the benevolent to the poor, or a congregation to their minister's wife.

It is not only a household assistant, worth the labor of three or four pairs of hands; but it is a life annuity, a perpetual security against absolute want. A clever operator on a GROVER & BAKER Machine can always find remunerative employment, all the more because it accomplishes so wide a range of work.

Any first-class Sewing Machine is good for a gift, and possesses a certain value. But we recommend the GROVER & BAKER, *because it is the best;* because it accomplishes the most and the best work with the least trouble; because the stitch is the most durable, as well as the most beautiful; because it is the only one adapted to all kinds of work, and every variety of material; because it is more simple, more easily understood than others, and requires no delay in rewinding, fastening, and the like.

There are many other reasons which we could give; but these will suffice with the crowning one—that it never fails to give the most entire and perfect satisfaction.

Persons intending to take advantage of this offer, and sending the subscribers' names as they obtain them, will please state in each instance that they are sent on this account.

All subscriptions sent under this offer must be in with the number of the paper NEXT AFTER THE RECEIPT OF THE MONEY.

Remittances must be made by post-office money-order, bank-check, or express (paid).

Address (with full directions how to ship the machines),

HENRY C. BOWEN, PUBLISHER, No. 3 Park Place, N. Y.

MARRIED.

ADGATE—GRIFFITH.—At the residence of the bride's father, Feb. 3d, by Norman Seaver, D.D., Luther W. Adgate, M. D., and Mary S. Griffith, second daughter of Walter S. Griffith, of Brooklyn.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

WILLIMANTIC LINEN COMPANY, MANUFACTURERS OF Three Cord Silk Finish AND Six Cord Soft Finish Spool Cotton.

The latter particularly adapted for Sewing Machines, as will be seen by the following certificate from the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine Co.:

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO., No. 625 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, March 24, 1868.

We beg to call the attention of the public and our Agents to the NEW SIX CORD THREAD of the WILLIMANTIC LINEN CO., which we have thoroughly tested, and find superior to any other in the market.

Good thread is essential to the successful working of Sewing Machines, and we have always encouraged the improvement. The WILLIMANTIC COMPANY has made extended efforts to satisfy us, and expended a Million of Dollars in building and organizing a New Factory. Now, well equipped in every way, it has produced a success exceeding our highest expectations, and we are now receiving regularly large consignments of their Six Cord Thread, which we recommend to our Agents and the public as unsurpassed by any in the market.

WHEELER & WILSON SEWING MACHINE CO.

Geo. S. Moulton & Co., Sole Agents in New York, 101 CHAMBERS STREET.

COMMUNION SERVICES.

In addition to our extensive assortment of Silver-Plated Ware for family use, we are making a specialty of the manufacture of Communion Ware, in great variety, and of elegant and appropriate designs. Liberal terms made with religious societies. Photographs, showing the various styles, will be sent by mail on application. ADAMS, CHANDLER & CO., No. 29 John street, New York.

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KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND FOR IMMEDIATE DELIVERY ALL ISSUES OF UNITED STATES STOCKS.

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Make collections on all parts of the United States and Canada.

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Capital and Surplus - - - $2,000,000.

INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

which may be made and withdrawn at any time, and will be entitled to interest for the whole time they may remain with the Company.

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Dr. S. S. Fitch may be consulted free at his office, 714 Broadway, every Monday, and every other week from January 6th, on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Specialty, the treatment of Coughs, Heart Disease, Cancer, and all Chronic Diseases.

BALL, BLACK & CO. 565 & 567 BROADWAY,

CALL THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC TO THEIR ELEGANT AND VARIED ASSORTMENT OF NICKLE SILVER AND FINE WHITE METAL ELECTRO PLATED TABLE WARE

MANUFACTURED EXPRESSLY FOR THEM BY THE MERIDEN BRITANNIA COMP'Y.

ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH IN CHINA.

THE EAST INDIA TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S Office, Nos. 23 and 25 Nassau Street. Organized under special charter from the State of New York.

CAPITAL - - - $5,000,000.
50,000 Shares, $100 Each.

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The Chinese Government having (through the Hon. Anson Burlingame) conceded to this Company the privilege of connecting the great seaports of the Empire by submarine electric telegraph cable, we propose commencing operations in China, and laying down a line of 900 miles at once, between the following ports, viz.:

	Population.
Canton,	1,000,000
Macao,	60,000
Hong-Kong,	250,000
Swatow,	200,000
Amoy,	250,000
Foo-Chow,	1,250,000
Win-Chu,	300,000
Ningpo,	400,000
Hang-Chean,	1,200,000
Shanghai,	1,000,000
Total,	5,910,000

These ports have a foreign commerce of $900,000,000, and an enormous domestic trade; besides which we have the immense internal commerce of the Empire, radiating from these points, through its canals and navigable rivers.

The cable being laid, this Company proposes erecting land-lines, and establishing a speedy and trustworthy means of communication, which must command there, as everywhere else, the communications of the government, of business, and of social life, especially in China. She has no postal system, and her only means now of communicating information is by courier on land, and by steamers on water.

The Western World knows that China is a very large country, in the main densely peopled; but few yet realize that she contains more than a third of the human race. The latest returns made to her central authorities for taxing purposes, by the local magistrates, make her population *Four Hundred and Fourteen Millions;* and this is more likely to be under than over the actual aggregate. Nearly all of these who are over ten years old not only can but do read and write. Her civilization is peculiar, but her literature is as extensive as that of Europe. China is a land of teachers and traders; and the latter are exceedingly quick to avail themselves of every proffered facility for procuring early information. It is observed in California that the Chinese make great use of the telegraph, though it there transmits messages in English alone. To-day, great numbers of fleet steamers are owned by Chinese merchants, and used by them exclusively for the transmission of early intelligence. If the telegraph we propose, connecting all their great seaports, were now in existence, it is believed that its business would pay its cost within the first two years of its successful operation, and would steadily increase thereafter.

No enterprise commends itself as in a greater degree remunerative to capitalists, and to our whole people. It is of vast national importance, commercially, politically, and evangelically.

Shares of this Company, to a limited number, may be obtained at $50 each, $10 payable down, $15 on the 1st of November, and $25 payable in monthly installments of $2.50 each, commencing December 1, 1868, on application to

Messrs. BOOKSTAVER, THAYER & SLOSSON, No. 10 Wall st., New York.
THE NATIONAL BANK COMMONWEALTH, New York.
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The MERCHANTS' NATIONAL BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
The SYRACUSE CITY BANK, Syracuse, N. Y.
Messrs. CHAS. F. CHASE & Co., Baltimore, Md.
Messrs. DONAHOE, KELLY & Co., San Francisco, Cal.
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REED & BARTON, TAUNTON, MASS., Established 1824, MANUFACTURERS OF THE NEW PATENT SEAMLESS LINED ICE-PITCHER.

Pronounced by Dr. Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, to preserve Water *PERFECTLY PURE,* while in others, made in the usual manner of two different metals soldered or welded together (thus forming a *galvanic arrangement*), the water, after standing for one hour, was found to contain traces of *LEAD AND COPPER,* and in four hours *SUFFICIENT METAL HAD BEEN DISSOLVED TO RENDER THE WATER DELETERIOUS TO HEALTH.*

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so stamped are warranted perfect in temper and durability of edge.

CAUTION—Since the success of our new Patent all Steel Silver-plated Knife was established, a number of imitations have appeared in the market, all of which are infringements upon our Patent-rights and cannot be relied upon. Be sure that your goods bear the Trade-mark of "J. Russell & Co."

Sets of 37, 40, and 73 pieces, in Rosewood and Silver Cases, for Wedding and Holiday Presents, for sale by all dealers.

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No goods you purchase are so liable to deceive as SILVER-PLATED WARE.

The slightest wash of silver will finish up, and to the sight be as good as the best. Look well to the maker.

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we have made *one regular standard grade of goods,* and placed our name on each piece of ware as our guarantee of its quality. The consequence is a steady and increasing demand for our trade-mark from the best trade, and an unsullied reputation with consumers.

A written guarantee given with each purchase, if requested.

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The Independent.

CONDUCTED BY THE CONGREGATIONAL CLERGY.

GROWTH OF CHARACTER.

BY REV. E. P. G. ADAMS.

A TRUE style issues from the rocks, and grows from the soil, and sings with birds, and roars with beasts, and is tipped with flame and gossamer, and is as much a part of the pebbles, and the grass, and the mosses of the hillside as they are of it. Its purity and brilliancy mark it distinctly from all that is artificial and imitative. It has a vitality that makes itself by spreading over a soil that is suitable to it, and by sending out roots that penetrate and grasp it. Its beauty is not that of a picture hung by a nail, but that of a flower which has sprung from a germ and grown by its own life. Its strength is not that of a bridge which is built to span a chasm, but that of a tree which has grown to its place and stands there by virtue of its own vitality. Its adaptation to its purpose is not that of a machine which is made to fit a certain use, but that of a living thing which has developed itself in the direction of its own instincts, and has found its use by finding its place.

Now, this is the way in which all true growth takes place. Whether it be in the vegetable kingdom, or in the animal kingdom, or in the kingdom of character, it is the same. Whether it be in the individual life, or in the life of a community, or in the life of a nation, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a man, or in the life of a book, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a church, or in the life of a school, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a literature, or in the life of a language, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a religion, or in the life of a philosophy, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a science, or in the life of an art, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a government, or in the life of a civilization, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a revolution, or in the life of a reformation, it is the same. Whether it be in the life of a movement, or in the life of a reaction, it is the same. 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Farm and Garden.

MICHIGAN PEACH BELT.

TO AGRICULTURAL EDITOR OF THE INDEPENDENT:

In our last article, we enumerated some of the attractions which fruit-growing offers, above other occupations. It would be tantalizing the reader to let the subject rest there, without giving him some information as to where the advantages alluded to can be realized.

The famous "Michigan Peach Belt" was mentioned in our last; and we now propose to examine the several localities in this country favorable to the successful growth of peaches.

The St. Joseph region is at present the most extensive field of fruit operations. The town or city has about 3,000 inhabitants, and there is no business there of much importance except that of fruit. Benton Harbor is a growing town, about one mile and a half from St. Joseph, on the other side of St. Joseph River. The reader can best extend eight or ten miles on the shore below St. Joseph, and about the same distance above, and extend back six or seven miles from the lake. Orchards and lands are selling at almost fabulous prices: improved orchards from $300 to $1,200 per acre, according to location; and desirable wild lands from $100 to $200 per acre.

One of the most serious drawbacks at present is the poorness of the harbor; which is such that boats cannot run over the bar at its mouth in a heavy sea, and it is more or less dangerous at all times. Large appropriations have been made, however, for its improvement, and it is expected some time to be in a much better condition than at present. Another drawback is the want of a railroad, which prevents the shipment of fruit to the East; but there is a railroad enterprise on foot, which will probably relieve this difficulty. But, notwithstanding these obstacles, the peach business has been very profitable, and has rewarded most of those who engaged in it with abundant success.

Next, on the coast, about 20 miles north of St. Joseph, is South Haven, with a population of perhaps 1,500 people. Here the peach interest is quite extensive, and during the past year lands have advanced rapidly, and are now selling from $100 to $200 per acre, according to improvements and location. The most serious trouble here is the poorness of the harbor, the water being so shallow on the bar at its mouth that boats cannot pass over when the sea is rough; and at any time none but small boats constructed for the purpose can enter in. These run to St. Joseph, where the fruit is shipped.

The next point is Saugatuck, a town of about 1,500 inhabitants, and about twenty miles north of South Haven. Peach-growing is the most important business of the place; but the lumber and shingle manufacturing interests are quite extensive, which, added to the capital the town has at South Haven—good will lands selling at one acre and upward; and improved of course, much higher. The same trouble exists as at South Haven, the small boats carry the fruit to St. Joseph, to be reshipped in the same manner.

Holland is a brisk, thriving little town, Holland, about twelve miles south of Grand Haven, where some attention has been given to peach-growing; but the land is not well adapted for that purpose, and, consequently, the fruit interest is not of much importance. But the trade in lumber and shingles is quite extensive, building up a flourishing commerce. The harbor is poor here, as at the above-named places.

Haven is the next point we shall notice. This is a population of 5,000, and is the most important. It has the best harbor of any point on the eastern shore of Michigan. It is the terminus of the Detroit & Milwaukee R. R., which connects here with the steamers to Milwaukee. There are lines of propellers to Chicago, making a round of one hundred miles distant, by which two boats to Chicago every evening during the season, and arrive there next morning; also two boats daily (except in winter) to Grand Rapids, running up Grand River. All these destine Grand Haven the commercial emporium of Western Michigan—and, indeed, she is—and afford shipping facilities are unequaled at any other place on the western shore of the state. About a mile from Grand Haven, on the north side of Grand River, is the village of Ferrysburg. Here are large mills and manufactories of various kinds, and many fine residences. On the opposite side of the river, or rather, of the channel which connects the outlet of a beautiful little sheet of water, called Spring Lake, with Grand River, is the village of Spring Lake, with a population of 1,500 inhabitants, and here are many of the finest manufacturing establishments of any town in the country. Surrounding these villages are orchards of every description, some of which yielded last season (1868) a profit of $1,000 per acre. Spring Lake, just alluded to, is a sheet of water, stretching inland, about five miles in length, and from one-half to two miles in width. Along its shores are numerous streams of pure, cold water. The banks rise precipitously from the water, and gradually from thirty to sixty feet. The lake averages fifty feet in depth, and is navigable for large vessels and propellers. A vessel nearly anywhere can run near the shore as to load up from the bank. On its banks are extensive beds of pure, fine, fawn-colored clay, excellent for bricks and pottery. The elevated shores are being rapidly covered by handsome residences, beautiful villas, and thrifty orchards, vineyards, and gardens. At the head of the lake, and commanding a magnificent view of nearly its whole length, as it stretches away like a sheet of silver, is laid out a charming town-site, called Fruitport; and this must soon become the center of one of the most prosperous fruit-growing communities on the continent. It is one of the finest harbors of any country, and must become the shipping center of all the surrounding region. Besides this, a railroad from Grand Rapids to Muskegon will pass through the place, adding materially to its growth and importance. Arrangements have been made to build a dam on a stream emptying into Spring Lake near the town, creating five water-power, and preparatory to the erection of grist and saw-mills. The lands are elevated and dry; the soil is a rich, sandy loam, and finely adapted to the growth of peaches and other fruits, as many of the most thrifty orchards will attest. Fruitland can be obtained more reasonably here than in any of the localities named, while the advantages are greatly superior. Excellent parcels can be obtained at present from $20 to $50 an acre; and some tracts are covered with a heavy growth of valuable timber, which, if cut into railroad-ties, cord-wood, and lumber, will pay the first cost of the land many times over. Old settlers and scientific authorities claim that this region is better protected than that of St. Joseph, and consequently the peach crop surer, for the obvious reason among others—that, as Joseph belongs to the south, the prevailing southwest winter winds sometimes sweep round the head of Lake Michigan and injure the trees, but they cannot reach the Grand Haven region without crossing the open waters of the lake thus wonderfully mitigating their severity. Prof. Winchell, late state geologist of Michigan, in a paper on the "Fruit-bearing Belt of Michigan," says: "During the prevalence of the severest cold of last winter the mercury stood from 15° to 30° lower at Milwaukee than at Grand Haven, immediately opposite." As to the wonderful growth and development of fruit operations at this place, he says, in the same paper: "From the statistics of the 'Lake Shore Horticultural Association' I learn that there are already under cultivation, in the immediate vicinity of Grand Haven, 7,603 apple-trees; 1,286 pear-trees; 26,580 peach-trees, of which 12,664 were planted last spring; of plum, nectarine, apricot, and quince trees there are 756; there are 18,693 grape-vines, of which 1,700 are bearing, and 119.93 newly set. These trees, and many others which I have recently examined, are in a state of health and vigor which cannot be surpassed."

The salubrity of the climate is another inestimable advantage of this region. The prevailing breezes are from the southwest, and come laden with all the elasticity and invigorating properties which Lake Michigan can inspire. Prof. Winchell says, in speaking of Northern Michigan: "Bilious diseases are foreign to the country. No one was ever known to be indigenous to the region. The uniformity of the temperature and the purity of the air and water are also favorable in pulmonary diseases, and I have learned of some rheumatic affections that had been cured by a few months' residence."

Such are some of the advantages of this highly-favored locality; and we think that Fruitport and vicinity offer, on the whole, greater inducements to small capital, industry, and enterprise than any of the other places mentioned, and fully equal if not superior to any other place in any part of the Union which has come under our observation.

J. T. DALE.

SPRING PLANTING OF FRUIT TREES.

CULTIVATORS this Spring will find it necessary to remember the following important directions:

First. Have the ground well pulverized and put in fine filth by plowing and subsoiling to the depth of 15 inches in the ways where the trees are to be planted. Digging deep holes is liable to very serious objections, as clay subsoil is very retentive, and holds water during the wet season, thus materially injuring if not killing the tree.

Wet lands never are suitable for orchards. Transplanting may be done any time when the ground is open and free from all frost or water. Most cultivators are liable to plant too deep. An invariable rule is that no tree should be planted deeper than it grew before; the roots are often stifled for the want of air, or starved by the poverty of the soil, or are so far away from the vivifying influences of light and heat that a natural decline and failure are inevitable. The roots of trees are very sensitive things, and a change to situations not as favorable as before quickly shows itself in the decaying looks of the tree and its branches.

Nearly all the roots of the tree that contribute to the production of the fruit or wood are found near the surface, and have little need of the subsoil for food. Where manure is to be applied, do not put it in contact with the roots; but either at the bottom of the holes dug for setting out, and then covering with earth, or, still better, by applying on the surface, after planting. The rains and frosts will leach the manure, and it is in better condition to be absorbed by the roots; also, in case of drought, no damage will be done.

Second. In planting, examine the roots, clear out all worms or insects; if the roots are bruised or broken, prune by cutting from the under side of each end.

Shorten in the tops and limbs in proportion to the loss of roots before planting.

Let one man place the tree in the hole and hold it, and let another scatter in carefully fine earth, and press it in carefully around and beneath every root, taking care to keep the small roots and fibers each in their place and in a horizontal position. Draw up the earth in a low, smooth, gently-sloping mound toward the tree, and the work is done.

No man will ever regret half an hour spent in the careful planting of a fruit-tree, or any tree whatsoever. Five years lost by the bad planting of a tree can never be recovered in a man's lifetime.

RURAL ITEMS.

AN EXCELLENT FERTILIZER.—The *Journal of Chemistry* says that one of the very best fertilizers used upon the farm for all the cereal grains and root-crops may be made in the following manner. Take one barrel of pure, finely-ground bone, and mix with it a barrel of good ashes; during the mixing add gradually about three pailsfull of water. The bean may be made upon the floor of an out-building or upon the barn-floor, and by the use of a hoe the bone and ashes must be thoroughly blended together. The water added is just sufficient to liberate the caustic alkalies, potash and soda; and these act upon the gelatine of the bone, dissolving the little atoms, forming a kind of soap, and fitting it for plant aliment. In this way the most valuable ingredients of the bone can be made immediately available, and the addition of potash and soda aids in the formation of fertilizer of inestimable value. A gill of this mixture, placed in a hill of corn, will work wonders. It is excellent for garden vegetables and for all kinds of roots. It will be ready for use in a week after it is made.

SALT FOR GRASS.—A correspondent writes to the American Institute Farmers' Club on the subject as follows: "When I was in Australia, I noticed that the tracks made by the drags loaded with salt hides were always green, even in the severest times of the long 'buckfielders,' or hot winds, charged with dust, that destroy everything they pass over. This led me to think that here was a solution of the question as to the best dressing for grass-lands, and it was here I found it. For twelve seasons I have seen it tried upon a variety of lands and grasses, and always with the same results. In the spring the refuse salt and sweepings from the ships and wharves, where wet-salted hides have been stowed, is spread over the sward. The young spring grass is strong, and grows quickly. The cattle are fond of it and eat it evenly, and the fields so dressed keep green when all around is parched and dry. From the absorbent qualities of the salt moisture is attracted and retained."

HINTS TO HORSE KEEPERS.—Never feed grain or give water to a horse when warm from exercise. Sweat is not always a sign of warmth; place the hand on the chest for a test. Water given after a meal is safer than to give it before.

Never drive faster than a walk with heavy loads.

Do not let horses stand long in the stable, at any time of the year, without exercising.

Feed regularly, and in quantity according to the appetite of the animal and the labor which it performs.

Do not drive or work long in storms.

Do not let the horses stand in the stable cased in boots or dried mud and coats of matted hair. Groom them.

At all times of the year make your horses comfortable when tied in the stable. They cannot help themselves there.

Learn your horses to trust and have confidence in you, rather than fear.

AGRICULTURAL.

Western Lands.

The undersigned, having been some time engaged in the locating of Government Lands for himself and others at the West, is prepared to receive orders and make entries for parties who may desire to avail themselves of his services. A knowledge of locations, where a large emigration may be expected the coming season to settlements already begun under favorable circumstances, will be used to advance the interest of parties selecting this mode of investment.

The title to these Lands comes direct from the Government, by Patent, in name of the party for whom entry is made, and is thus beyond question.

Reference will be given, on application, to parties for whom entries have been made.

For further particulars apply to, or address,

CALVIN F. HOW,
NO. 26 BURLING SLIP,
Or Post-office Box 2215.
New York, January, 1869.

RAMSDELL'S NORWAY OATS.

A. S. Fuller, Esq., in a late letter to the editor of The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle*, stated that no more than the Norway Oats a humbug, as was reported in the New York papers. On the contrary, he says: "If they will produce five times as much to the acre as some other kinds, they are worth more than $10 per bushel. Mr. S. A. Jenkins, of Mills Co., Mo., writes, Jan. 2, 1869: 'I raised last season 554 bushels from one pint, and 40 bushels from half a bushel of seed, both inferior crops on account of the drought.'"

Mr. F. Smith, a Vermont farmer, stated before the New York farmers' Club, Jan. 12, 1869, that he raised 126 *bushels from one peck of seed on 100 square rods of ground.*

We have evidence now before us which proves that many hundred bushels of inferior seed has already been sold for Norway Oats. We again caution farmers against these impostors, and will not hold ourselves responsible for any seed which has not passed through our hands. Our full illustrated circular is furnished free to all who desire it. Our seed is fully warranted, and furnished at $10 per bushel, $5 per half bushel, $3 per peck, or at $1 25 per quart, by mail, postpaid. Sold by the standard of 32 pounds to the bushel. Address JONES & CLARK, only Agents for the U. S. and Canada, No. 20 Liberty street, N. Y.

BEST PAINTS 1 the cost 3 of Lead.

TRADE MARK. WHITE. GREEN. YELLOW. VERMILION. PURE. JAPAN. RED LEAD. METALLIC PAINT.

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100 lbs. costing $12.50, will paint as much as 200 lbs. of Lead, costing $25, and wear longer.

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Farmers & Gardeners

WM. L. BRADLEY will be happy to forward his pamphlets of testimonials for 1868, with directions for using his famous *Super Phosphate of Lime*, and other standard Fertilizers, free, on application.
WM. L. BRADLEY, 24 Broad street, Boston.

Ready Roofing

THE FIRST CUSTOMER IN EACH place can buy 1,000 feet at 25 per cent. discount. Samples and directions sent by mail. READY ROOFING CO., 81 Malden Lane New York.

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Do you wish to DOUBLE YOUR CROPS?
Do you want EARLY and LARGE VEGETABLES?
Do you want IMMENSE CROPS of ONIONS?
Do you want all this AT A LESS EXPENSE THAN USING BARN YARD MANURES?
Then buy the DOUBLE REFINED POUDRETTE.
Send for a Pamphlet to the LODI MANUFACTURING Co., Box 3139 N. Y. P. O. Office, 66 Cortlandt Street, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—One of the finest and most productive fruit-farms in the Northwest, located on the banks of Lake Michigan and within 4½ hours from Chicago—water communication. Set with all kinds of the choicest fruits, shrubbery, and vines. Present capacity about ten thousand dollars per annum, and increasing yearly. Three houses and large barn. For a full description address C. BROWN, P. O. Box 105, Chicago, Ill. Will be sold on time, or exchanged for improved city property, if application is made immediately, as the owner leaves for Europe in early spring.

EARLY ROSE POTATO,—American and Foreign Spring Wheats, Oats, Barley, Corn, Clover Seeds, Grass Seed, Hops, Fowls, Best Fodder Cutter. Send for the EXPERIMENTAL FARM JOURNAL, only 20 cents. Address GEO. A. DEITZ, Chambersburg, Pa.

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this medal being distinctly classified first, over all other American Exhibitors. In proof of which the following

OFFICIAL CERTIFICATE

of the President and Members of the International Jury on Musical Instruments is annexed:

Paris, July 29, 1867.

I certify that the First Gold Medal for American Pianos has been unanimously awarded to Messrs. Steinway & Sons by the Jury of the International Exposition.

First on the list in Class X.

MALINES,
President of International Jury.

GEORGES KASTNER, } Members
AMBROISE THOMAS, } of the
EB. HANSLICK, } International Jury.
F. A. GEVAERT, }
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The original certificate, together with "the official catalogue of awards," in which the name of STEINWAY & SONS is recorded *first* on the list, can be seen at our Warerooms, FIRST FLOOR OF STEINWAY HALL, nos. numbers 109 and 111, East 14th street, New York.

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Heretofore our children *would not sing*, nor could we induce them to in any way do the musical portion of the teachers condescended to listen to me and *hear the* music from FRESH LAURELS. The result was, I was authorized to procure as many books as I thought necessary for the use of the school. I ordered one hundred (our school averages an attendance of 175), and from them the last Sabbath in December, 1868. Now our children sing willingly the beautiful pieces, and are each anxious to have a book to themselves; and I think we can afford to let them have them, for they sing with more interest. Our little rehearsals are well attended, and the children are ready to help hold and learn, for the music enters their souls, and they can't help singing.

You don't know how many thanks I receive for being so persistent in presenting the book to the notice of the teachers. I will not say more than to thank you again, and may God bless you for giving us FRESH LAURELS. Your friend, E. B. CAMP.

The above is one from among hundreds of voluntary testimonials received from "Fire Side" and "Sabbath-school Workers," all of whom have found, by practical experience, that "FRESH LAURELS" is the best and most Sunday-school Music Book ever published.

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MANHATTAN
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For premiums, extra premiums,	$1,874,726 40
For interest,	316,127 26
For interest and rents accrued,	80,436 63
	$2,265,240 29

DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid Claims by Death on Policies and Bonds, and Payment of Annuities,	$81,853 03
Paid Expenses, Salaries, Taxes, Revenue Stamps, Medical Examiners' Fees, Commissions,	311,935 12
Paid Dividends, Return Premiums, Purchased Policies, Profits, Interest on Dividends, etc.,	347,03 52
	$1,180,753 03

ASSETS.

Cash in Bank and on Hand,	49,301 97
Bonds and Mortgages,	1,254,75 00
Loans on Policies in force,	2,033,693 08
Loans secured by Pledge of the value of the Policies with interest, less cost,	3,000 00
United States and New York State Stocks,	712,605 00
Quarterly and Semi-annual Premiums deferred, and Premiums and Interest in course of collection,	213,312 54
Temporary Loans on Stocks and Bonds,	305,225 00
(Market value of the Securities, $2,814,13.)	
Interest due to date and all other property,	92,314 13
	$5,307,237 59

HENRY STOKES, PRESIDENT.
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W. NISBET & CO., St. Louis, for Missouri.

Atlantic Mutual Insurance Co.
NEW YORK, January 24th, 1869.

The Trustees, in conformity to the Charter of the Company, submit the following Statement of its affairs on the 31st December, 1868.

Premiums received on Marine Risks, from 1st January, 1868, to 31st Dec., 1868,	$6,762,909 82
Premiums on Policies not marked off 1st Jan. 1867,	2,573,002 00
Total amount of Marine Premiums,	$9,335,911 82
No Policies have been issued upon Life Risks, nor upon Fire Risks disconnected with Marine Risks.	
Premiums marked off from 1st January, 1868, to 31st December, 1868,	$8,317,670 83
Losses paid during the same period,	$1,781,091 49
Returns of Premiums and Expenses,	$1,3 3,230 61

The Company has the following Assets, viz.:

United States and State of New York Stocks,	$7,597,475 00
City, Bank, and other Stocks,	2,214,100 00
Loans, secured by stocks, and otherwise,	1,200,000 00
Real Estate and Bonds and Mortgages,	210,000 00
Interest, and sundry notes and claims due the Company, estimated at	211,326 13
Premium Notes and Bills Receivable,	2,51 ,62 3
Cash in Bank,	46,544 81
Total Amount of Assets,	$13,580,841 59

Six per cent. interest on the outstanding certificates of profits will be paid to the holder thereof, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next

The outstanding certificates of the issue of 1863 will be redeemed and paid to the holders there of, or their legal representatives, on and after Tuesday, the Second of February next, from which date all interest thereon will cease. The certificates to be produced at the time of payment, and cancelled.

A dividend of Forty per cent. is declared on the net earned premiums of the Company for the year ending 31st December, 1868, for which certificates will be issued on and after Tuesday, the Sixth of April next.

By order of the Board.

J. H. CHAPMAN, Secretary.

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IN CASH

as any in the country, at the same time giving them the privilege of availing themselves of the

LOAN,

should the necessity arise.

ALL POLICIES ARE NON-FORFEITING AFTER THREE YEARLY CASH PAYMENTS HAVE BEEN MADE.

The Progress of this Company is Shown by Table the Annexed:

Year.	No. Policies.	Gross Receipts.	Amount Insured by New Policies.	Total Gross Assets.	Increase over previous Year in Gross Assets.
1864	3,283	1,498	1,498,141	1,498,141	
1865	2,184	848	848,500	2,346,641	848,500
1866	1,499	1,162,427	1,162,427	3,509,068	1,162,427
1867	2,315	2,315,743	2,315,743	5,824,811	2,315,743
1868	3,105	3,105,909	3,105,909	8,930,720	3,105,909
	12,386	$7,930,527	$7,930,527	$8,930,720	$7,430,579

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☞ Liberal Commissions to experienced Agents.

"This corporation (The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the United States) can be said to mark and distinguish the commencement of the recent astounding progress in the business of Life Insurance."—WM. HAMILTON HOWES, Superintendent of N. Y. Ins. Department, Report, 1868.

THE
EQUITABLE
LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY
OF THE UNITED STATES.
No. 92 BROADWAY, N. Y.

WM. C. ALEXANDER, *President.*
HENRY B. HYDE, *Vice-President.*
GEORGE W. PHILLIPS, *Actuary.*
JAS. W. ALEXANDER, *Secretary.*

Cash Assets, - - $8,000,000.
Annual Premium Income, $5,000,000.
Sum Assured (New Business) during the year ending January 31st, 1868,
$47,020,134.

IT ISSUES ALL DESIRABLE NON-FORFEITING POLICIES
on a Single Life, from $250 to $25,000.

All Profits Divided Among Policy-holders Annually from the start.

IT IS THE MOST SUCCESSFUL COMPANY EVER ORGANIZED, AND, FOR ITS YEARS,
The Largest Mutual Life Insurance Company in the World!

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☞ Agents wishing to represent the EQUITABLE are invited to make application for appointment, by letter, to the New York office.

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LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY.
MUTUAL.
258 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
ASSETS, $1,800,000. ASSURED MEMBERS, 10,000.

This Company, established and conducted by a Board of Directors, composed of men well and favorably known for wealth and commercial, financial, and social standing, offers to effect insurance on life, by any of the forms of Policies known in the times.

ADVANTAGES OF THE HOME.

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It declares and PAYS dividends to its Policy-holders annually, on all Policies that at the Dividend period (May 1st) have run one year.

Its last dividend was 40 per cent., which is more than a 50 per cent. dividend paid the fourth year after it is declared.

It has declared and paid a dividend every year since its organization.

IT LOANS TO ITS MEMBERS ONE-THIRD THE PREMIUM AS A PERMANENT LOAN, if desired.

It affords every facility in making proofs in case of death, and is prompt in the payment of its losses.

Its funds are largely invested, and are as large in proportion to its liabilities as any other Company.

Its Policies are all non-forfeiting; i. e., *it members will, under any circumstances, get all the insurance that they pay for.*

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Fine Electro-Plated WARE.

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THE NATIONAL WATCH CO.,
Elgin, Illinois.

Business Office, Nos. 122 and 124 Lake st., Chicago, Ill.

Financial & Commercial.

VALUE AND USES OF MONEY.

THAT which society, by law, or usage so general as to be equivalent to law, makes a legal tender in the payment of debts and employs to represent and measure *actual* values, and also to conduct the exchanges of business, is money, whether it be gold, or silver, or copper, or paper, or anything else. The *value* of money, considered as such, consists not in the *material* of which it is composed, when that material is used for other purposes; but in its *representative* power, as bestowed upon it by society. The gold of a gold dollar, simply as an article of merchandise, may have a greater *actual* value than the paper of a paper dollar; yet, as money, their representative value may be precisely the same. And, hence, the only question between them respects the uniform permanency of representation and the facility of use. Paper money, if it serve all the purposes of gold, is just as good as gold; and, if it be more convenient, then it is for this reason better. It is quite true that paper money has only a representative value; and the same is true of gold when coined and used as money. The indispensable *condition* in respect to this representative value is, that the holder should be able to make money—whether loaned for interest, used in the payment of debts, or employed in the purchase of commodities—perform its proper functions. The *amount* of money needed in a given community is just that which fully suffices so far to represent its actual values as may be necessary conveniently to conduct the business of that community. More than this is an evil, by undue inflation; and less than this is an evil, by undue contraction. The experience of men in the use of money furnishes the practical test for settling this question of amount. All communities readily find out when money is plenty and when it is scarce.

Now, in view of these plain and obvious principles in regard to money, we are inclined to think that the currency question of this country is not beset with so many perils as some seem to imagine. It is true that our currency is mainly a paper currency; and it always has been true, even when stamped coin was the only legal tender, and always will be true that nine-tenths of the business of the country must make use of this currency. The chief difficulty in the case consists in the fact that a paper dollar in the shape of a greenback and a gold dollar have different *representative* values. But for this fact, the paper dollar, for practical use, would be better than the gold dollar. The currency now in use carried the country safely through the war, and has since given it a good degree of prosperity. There is no complaints among the people in regard to it, and no clamor for an immediate return to specie payment. The premium on gold as an article of merchandise, arising mainly from speculation, has been gradually lessening by the force of natural causes; and in the same proportion paper money has been advancing toward the condition of par with gold. This change has proceeded as rapidly as the business interests of the country would allow. We believe that, if the Government will treat the question wisely, by not undertaking to do too much, the paper dollar and the gold dollar will at no distant day come so near par with each other that the transit to the specie basis may be made without any serious shock to business. The truth is, we must be patient and *grow* into it. We certainly cannot leap into it *per saltum*, by the mere force of legislation, especially when hardly any two minds seem to be exactly agreed as to what this legislation ought to be.

We are quite satisfied with our currency as it is for the present—certainly until we can make it better. It is very good money, and is doing the work of money in a very satisfactory manner. Let the Government practice the most rigid economy with its revenues; let it legalize gold contracts; let it devote its surplus gold, beyond paying the interest on the public debt, to discounting the coupons before maturity or purchasing its own early maturing bonds, and by this means keep the gold constantly in the market, and thus make the speculation in gold increasingly difficult; and with these things let it pause for the present. This is sufficient for the time being. It will create no revulsion in the monetary affairs of the country; and gradually, but surely, lead toward specie payment, while distributing the losses incident to the shrinkage of values among so many that they will be borne with comparative ease.

The eager worshipers of gold as money, as we think, are in too great a hurry for their own good, or the country's good. They are so accustomed to think of gold as the sole *standard* of value that they confound it with *actual* value, and hence conclude that a currency not immediately convertible into gold is wanting in the most essential property of money. This is a mistake. The truth is, the actual value of gold, considered as metal in comparison with paper, is no criterion of its *representative* value when used as money. In this use of gold society, by law or usage, determines its value; and when paper money has practically the same value, then it is competent to serve the same purposes. When the representative value of the latter is very considerably less than that of the former, then the equalization of the two, so as to make a paper dollar convertible into a gold dollar, is a question not to be solved violently, but by the gradual progress of events. This is the very question now in process of solution. As it advances, step by step, events will become the wisest teachers of the American people. At any rate, we think it best to make haste *slowly*, believing that this will in the end bring us out the more safely.

As society advances, and the forms of industry become more numerous and productive, and the demand for some adequate medium of exchange increases, the exclusive use of gold and silver as money gradually gives place to a *mixed* currency, of which paper forms the larger part. Gold and silver, though not entirely dispensed with, are nevertheless not sufficient to conduct the business of producing and trading communities. Such communities must resort to a paper currency, making it convertible into gold, and therefore equivalent to it, or giving it the character of a legal-tender. Savages may trade simply with hard money; but the wants of civilized and growing nations necessitate the use of paper-money.

Looking then at the present condition of the currency of this country, we find that we have practically *two kinds* of money. Stamped coin, for the purpose of paying the duties on imported goods, and also the interest and principal of the national debt, is money, and nothing else is so; but for all other domestic purposes the legal-tender notes of the Government perform all the functions of money. The peculiarity in the case of gold consists in the fact that, except for a comparatively limited use as money, it has practically become an article of *merchandize*—being bought and sold, like corn or wheat, at the market price. The legal-tender currency, while redeeming the notes of the national banks, paying debts, and conducting our vast system of exchanges, is also money for the purchase and sale of gold as a *commodity*; and when thus used it is as really a *standard of value* as it is when used to buy a bushel of wheat. In such a transaction gold loses its character as money, and the legal-tender notes become the measure of its value as a commodity, buying it at the market price, just as readily as they buy anything else.

This mixed character of gold—now money, and now simply an article of merchandise—taken in connection with its market price, as a commodity, also the non-convertibility of legal-tender notes into gold, at par with each other when both are regarded as *money*, and hence the further fact that at this point of comparison they are different standards of value, constitutes the difficulty, so far as there is any, with our present currency. What is wanted as a remedy is to reduce the market price of gold as an article of merchandise, and in this way contribute to the process of making the two currencies consistent as money exchangeable into each other at par. Let this point be gained, and gold will cease to be a commodity, and speculation in it as such will come to an end. The people will continue to use paper currency for nine-tenths of their business, always having the idea in their minds that they can convert it into gold without loss if they wish, yet not wishing to do so because they *can* do so. This being the state of things, the financial questions that now agitate so many minds would be of easy solution.

How then shall this point be gained? There is no possible method of reaching the result in a moment, either with legislation or without it. It is a question involving the laws of trade. The general tendency of events is now in the right direction; and, if the Government, instead of *hoarding* its gold in the Treasury, would actually put it into the market by paying it out to meet its liabilities, either matured or soonest to mature, the speculators in gold would be unable to keep up its price at anything like its present mark. The price is wholly *speculative*, artificial, and unnecessary. There is no earthly reason for it outside of the Gold Room. Just here is the place for the government to do a wise thing, by paying its gold liabilities, thus pouring the article into the market in a steady stream, and invoking the aid of the laws of trade to lessen the difference between the gold dollar and the paper dollar when they are regarded as standards of value. Fight the battle with gold as a *commodity*—by giving the speculators, who are virtually *cornering* the public, more than they can do—and we are persuaded that the question of gold as *money* will so settle itself that we shall come to specie payment with as much rapidity as is consistent with the safety of the country. We want to see this safe experiment thoroughly tried. We believe that, in a short time, it would very materially lessen the market price of gold. It would be applying the remedy just where the disease exists; and this certainly is common-sense.

BUSINESS INTEGRITY.

THE *Christian Advocate*, a sound evangelical journal, has unfortaken a difficult task. Some years ago a Methodist minister in San Francisco became insolvent through the failure of a Bethel enterprise for seamen; and, after paying what he could, was released by his creditors. But his own mind was not satisfied. The *moral* obligation had never been discharged; and, after years of labor, he has just been able to pay them an additional dividend, and means eventually to clear off the whole of the old debt. Whereupon the *Advocate* objects to his conduct, as seeming to reflect on other bankrupts, who are content to leave their debts unpaid. It reminds us of what Tacitus says, that Domitian would not allow an honest man to live, regarding integrity in others as an insult to his own character. This Christian paper astonishes us by saying:

"The honest bankrupt, who surrenders all his property for the benefit of his creditors, is under no obligation either of morality or honor to further look after his cancelled business indebtedness."

This remarkable utterance it sustains in its last issue by the casuistry that all credit and debt impiles a business partnership, in which both debtor and creditor are interested, and the profits or losses of which are to be divided according to agreement. Now, in a business point of view, we have not the slightest objection to bankrupt laws. They are necessary. But as Christians we hold that one of their highest advantages is that they allow an honest, enterprising man to enter unembarrassed on a new business life, so that he can secure the capital and business which will enable him, at a future day, to pay the debts which he was obliged to compromise. If we lose a book borrowed from a friend or from a circulating library, we make the loss good. If we lose $500 of another man's property, or a loan of $1,000, it will be hard to convince by any specious sophisms the conscience of the Christian public that its payment is not a Christian duty, even though the laws may wink at the withholding of it. The satisfaction which an honest bankrupt feels in paying up his old debts, the load which it removes from his soul, which he must otherwise have borne down to his grave, is beyond all sophistry in settling this question. We trust it will be found a hard task, which the *Christian Advocate* has attempted, to inoculate Christianity with such principles. They would be rejected even in Wall street. We wonder whence it Drew its axioms of financial integrity. Was it from the Bible or the bulls and bears?

ANOTHER WAY TO DO IT.

ONE of our subscribers—a gentleman of experience in money matters—has sent us the following programme of measures for the resumption of specie payment, with the request that we should submit it to our readers:

"1. Let Congress, by a concurrent resolution of both houses, declare that the public debt, when not otherwise expressed by law, shall be paid, principal and interest, in coin.

"2. Legalize gold contracts, and thus foster the use of gold as *money* in the exchanges of business.

"3. Let the Government at once begin to receive ten per cent. of the import duties in legal-tender notes, increasing the amount one per cent. a month, till no more duties shall be paid in coin than will suffice to pay the interest on the public debt, and canceling these notes as they are received.

"4. Pass a law, to take effect in sixty days, that all the national banks now in existence shall increase their deposit of bonds with the Government so as to make their currency equal to but seventy-five per cent. of the amount of the bonds for the first year, and the next year and thereafter fifty per cent.; and extend the same privilege and principles to any number of new banks that the people may choose to organize. The effects arising from this measure would be the following: 1, To supply an ample paper currency to the country; 2, to substitute this currency for greenbacks as they are canceled, and gradually get the latter out of the way; 3, to raise the price of Government bonds by increasing the demand for them in the home market for banking purposes; 4, to prepare the way for funding the public debt at a lower rate of interest; 5, to lessen the present large profits on banking, yet not so much as to interfere with either the number or stability of such institutions.

"The general effect of the whole system would be to withdraw the greenbacks from use without curtailing the paper currency of the country, or increasing its bonded debt; and also to bring us to specie payment without any shock to finance or any special legislation for this purpose. The greenbacks being thus removed from the circulation, specie payment would follow as a matter of course."

Such is the programme offered by this gentleman. We do not approve of his plan, but publish it as requested, and ask our readers to think of it as one among the schemes for resuming specie payment.

THE PUBLIC DEBT.

THERE is not much satisfaction in looking at the details of our national debt; though it must be confessed that it would be gratifying to see anything like a diminution of the enormous sum total in the monthly statements made by the Treasury Department. The exhibit for the 1st of this month shows the aggregate of our indebtedness to be $2,356,205,558, which is an increase of $16,408,453 on the statement of the previous month, chiefly occasioned by the payment of interest in January. The coin-bearing part of the debt remains about the same, being now $2,107,850, which is an increase of $14,700 in the 5-20s. To the three per cent. currency certificates an addition of $1,545,000 was made during the month; to the coin certificates, of $5,623,500; and to the currency six per cent. bonds, issued in aid of the Pacific Railroad enterprise, of $1,920,000. The matured obligations, not presented for payment, show a reduction of $552,557. The outstanding amount of fractional currency was enlarged $1,295,412. The aggregate cash balances of the department were diminished $5,642,412. On the 1st of January the coin reserve was $98,763,269, of which $71,727,249 belonged to the Government; now the reserve is $88,732,716, of which $76,073,196 are in the ownership of the Treasury. The currency reserve is $17,441,282, against $13,063,092 at the beginning of the year.

THE MONEY MARKET.

THE week closed on a very easy money market, borrowers having no difficulty in effecting call loans at 6 to 7 per cent. on miscellaneous securities. There was considerable shinning among houses having large balances on hand to place them at 6 per cent., so as to save one day's interest. The bank statement was less favorable than for the week previous. It exhibits the following changes; which, by the way, are not in the least alarming to borrowers or speculators:

The increase in loans is	$1,220,000.
The increase in gold is	154,000.
The increase in circulation is	29,000.
The decrease in deposits is	300,300.
The decrease in legal tender is	1,707,153.

The bulls in gold have succeeded in keeping the price at about 135¼.

The course of speculation on the Stock Exchange has been greatly influenced the past week by Judge Ingraham's decision in the case of the application by Mr. Jenks for an injunction restraining the directors of the New York Central Railroad from paying the extra dividend of 80 per cent. But the decision of the Judge amounts to very little, and is of no consequence whatever so far as the value of the stock is concerned. He simply decides that the directors had power to issue the scrip dividend, but had no right to pay interest on it. Therefore all the directors have to do is to make the dividend on the old stock 7-20 per cent. instead of 4 per cent., and the shareholders will get the same as though it were paid on the scrip. The scrip certificates having already been issued, the directors of the road can, whenever they choose, convert them into stock by giving the legal thirty days' notice, and by a vote of two-thirds of the stockholders. The merits of the case being perfectly well understood by the large holders of the shares, no attempt has been made to put them upon the market. The price through the week has ranged from 161 to 165 dollars a share. But, as the regular semi-annual dividend of four per cent. and the same dividend on the interest certificates will be paid on the 20th of this month, the shares are not likely to sell any lower.

It is a very curious illustration of the way in which railroad management is conducted in Broad Street that, while the directors of the Erie Road are allowed to issue as many shares as they please, to the ruin of innocent holders of the stock, and for the avowed purpose of keeping the road in the hands of its present managers, the directors of the Central are restrained by the courts from issuing the dividends which rightly belong to the shareholders, and which have been honestly earned by prudent management. Extravagance and fraud may go unchecked; but honesty and prudence become subject to the restrictions of the courts

FINANCIAL ITEMS.

BANK STOCKS of all the leading institutions in the city are now held with great firmness. All of them report prosperity and a steadily increasing surplus, while they continue to make good dividends.

—The general trade of the city is reviving, and prospects for business look more favorable. The hotels are crowded, and our streets present a more active appearance. After the fourth of March capital and business will, *of course*, march forth. All take this for Grant-ed.

—The attempt to make a *corner* on gold in the early part of the week failed entirely. The gold speculators are, at present, in a quandary, not knowing exactly what to do next. It is dangerous to buy for other than immediate wants, and the best way for outsiders is to let it severely alone.

—A new branch of trade seems to be opening with China and Japan. A large order for boots and shoes for these markets has recently been placed in this country—down East, of course. Very soon all our Yankee notions, from a wooden clock to a tin whistle, will be called for. Go ahead!

—The Washington Fire Insurance Company has declared a cash dividend of seven per cent. for the past six months, an interest dividend of six per cent. on outstanding scrip, and a scrip dividend of forty-five per cent. on second premiums. Fifty per cent. of the scrip of 1863 will be redeemed on the first of April. Good success, as usual.

—Our Government securities are at present in great demand abroad. Why not? They are the best, safest, and most productive in the world. Within twelve months—under Grant's safe administration—we expect to see an advance of ten per cent. or more on present quotations. To our readers we say, "Keep what you have got, and get all you can."

—The Erie managers are both bold and skillful. They have plenty of money and do not mean to be circumvented by any Wall Street clique. Thus far they have been more than a match for their enemies, except in the matter of making a connection with Western roads. Their latest move is to establish a new Stock Board, at which Erie shall have the post of honor.

—The Life Insurance companies of New York, as a whole, are an honor to the city and nation. They are wisely and safely managed, and may be ranked among our best benevolent institutions. We are glad to have them multiply, and see no reason whatever why they should not all prosper. The attempt to injure them by one or two daily papers will be a signal failure.

—The Rockford, Rock Island, and Pacific first mortgage gold bonds are now selling freely. The treasurer states that he has frequent calls from Europe for them, both by letter and cable. The price, it is said, will, ere long, be advanced to par. At present figures—97½, principal and interest payable in gold—these bonds are regarded as among the best securities in the market. Henry Clews & Co., bankers, of this city, or H. H. Boody, treasurer, will supply orders.

—The New York Life Insurance Co. presents its annual statement in our advertising columns this week, showing receipts for premiums the past year of nearly four millions of dollars, total assets of eleven millions, and a divisible surplus of about one million seven hundred thousand dollars. It has issued over nine thousand new policies, insuring over *thirty* millions of dollars. This is one of the safest and best managed corporations in the country, and richly deserves its great success and popularity.

—Pacific Mail stock has had a rough handling among the bears the past week; but we still believe it to be a good investment at present prices. The business of the company, we learn, never was better, and its business prospects never brighter. Regular quarterly dividends hereafter may be expected, unless the directors decide to increase largely its present surplus. Instead of its being damaged by the Pacific Railroad, when opened, we think it will be greatly benefited both in its freight and passenger business.

DRY GOODS.

WHILE cotton remains at the high figures now ruling—and we see no reason for anticipating a lower scale during the next three months—it will be useless to expect lower prices for our domestic fabrics. The prices of shirtings and sheetings have not yet advanced in proportion to the rise in the raw material; and anything like an active demand for the Spring trade will certainly carry prices beyond their present limits. While all the great cotton mills are working at their full capacity, stocks must rapidly accumulate unless sales are effected; so that there is always a counterbalancing necessity in force, which will prevent too rapid an advance in values. But the necessity for making sales is in a great degree modified by the easy condition of the money market, which enables the manufacturers to hold on to their stock. The last week has not witnessed a very active demand; but the tone of the market has been very firm, and intelligent buyers, who have the ability to lay in large stocks at the present rates, must be well satisfied of the perfect safety of doing so. The indications of an active Spring trade are all highly favorable, and from all that we can learn our dry goods dealers are very successful in their winter collections.

Brown sheetings and shirtings have been in much better demand during the past week, and particularly so toward the close, than was the case the week previous. Prices are firmly sustained, and no disposition is manifested to press sales; but, on the contrary, a feeling prevails among the holders of large stocks that an advance will soon be realized.

In bleached goods there has not been so strong a feeling as in brown shirtings and sheetings; but prices have remained firm on a rather moderate market. The manufacturers appear very well satisfied to take their time and wait for the moving of the waters, which they are quite confident must soon happen. New York Mills sell at 27½, and Wamsuttas, 4-4, at 25 cts.; for 5-4, 32. Tuscaroras, 4-4, at 22.

The business in prints has been on a rather limited scale, notwithstanding that the manufacturers' agents are well supplied with a good assortment of very attractive new styles for the Spring trade. But the smaller jobbing houses hesitate to make their purchases before their Spring customers begin making their appearance. Prices are firm, and it is generally understood that the stocks in first hands are by no means in excess of the ordinary demand.

It is rather early in the season for a heavy trade in printed lawns and printed percales; but the supply of these goods is abundant and the styles attractive, and they compete very favorably with the imported articles of a similar character. The prices are comparatively low.

Ginghams are not in much demand, but prices are firm.

Jaconets sell steadily, but without any notable change of prices.

There is a better demand for black and colored cambrics, which are firmly held at our quotations.

Muslin de laines are not in much request; moderate sales are effected of dark colors, but it is rather early for light effects.

Woolen fabrics are generally firm in price, but without any marked increase in the demand.

Cloths are not active, but prices are firm. The demand is chiefly from the clothing houses: the jobbers buy but sparingly, only sufficient to keep up their assortment.

In fancy cassimeres and satinets the demand is small for the season; but prices of these fabrics are low in comparison with other styles of goods.

Kentucky jeans are in rather better demand for the better qualities, and the lower grades are more sought after; but prices have not advanced any.

The importations of foreign goods, especially of cotton fabrics, continue very heavy; but the prices have not advanced in proportion to the rise in domestic cottons, as the greater part of the goods now arriving were contracted for before the advance in raw material took place.

The auction-rooms have not yet offered any special attractions; but their sales, though comparatively small, have been well attended, and the prices have been generally satisfactory.

The last year's sales of our large jobbing wholesale houses show that a very heavy business has been done. The leading dry goods house of New York—and of the continent, in fact, if not of the world—continues to be that of H. B. Claflin & Co., whose sales for 1868 amounted to something over $43,000,000; while the sales of A. T. Stewart & Co., at their down-town store, amounted to but $30,000,000. The next largest firm amounted to but $9,000,000, while some half-dozen houses sold to the amount of $6,000,000. The present year there will be a sharp struggle between Claflin and Stewart; but Claflin is likely to keep at the head of his class.

GENERAL MARKET REPORT.

[A Table of Quotations will be found in another column.]

ASHES.—The demand for Pots has been fair; prices have advanced, and close firm. Pearls are also higher.

BEESWAX.—There has been a good demand for Yellow Western and Southern. Sales of 11,000 lbs., at 49@44 cts.

BREADSTUFFS.—Since our last report there has been rather more steadiness in all grades of Western and State Flour. The great falling off in the receipts as compared with last Year, anda very decided increase in our exports also as compared with last year, is attracting the attention of the trade. Our assortment of the high grades is much diminished, and it is well known that three-quarters of the mills at the West are idle, because Wheat cannot be had, so that Flour can be placed here at anything like the figures current here; hence it seems unreasonable to press sales in view of these facts, and there is evidently less disposition shown to realize. At the close the market is irregular, the low and medium grades are firmer. The exports of the week have been 28,056 bbls.; including 9,288 bbls. to Europe, 2,085 to the British Provinces, and 17,283 to South America and the West Indies; and for the corresponding week last year 14,543 bbls. At yesterday's market the demand for shipping brands was good, and these improved and more firmness and steadiness was noticeable in the better grades. The sales of the week reach 45,000 bbls. Canadian Flour has been very difficult of sale, and can only be disposed of by submitting to lower prices, and these are entirely nominal. California Flour has been almost entirely overlooked, and prices are quite uncertain. Sales of 1,200 bbls. and sacks. Southern Flour has been pressed for sale, the medium grades especially; these have been disposed of at lower and very irregular figures. Family brands have ruled dull, but these have not been forced on the market, and are in moderate supply. At the close the low grades are firm. The sales are 2,400 bbls. Rye Flour has been in fair demand, and prices have ruled very steady, only very choice in demand our highest figures, and only in small lots. Sales of 1,935 bbls. Corn Meal has been in fair request, is without much change, and closes firm. The sales are 1,950 bbls. In Wheat we have had only a moderate demand, and prices of all kinds have favored the buyer, notwithstanding the more favorable news from Europe. The limits of most foreign orders are below the current rates, and the business of the week has been extremely light. At the present prices here there is a margin for shipment from upper lake ports, and considerable supplies are expected by rail. This has exerted some influence in restricting purchases. Our millers have purchased but little, as prices of Spring are relatively higher than Flour; and hence there has been but little reduction in our stock since Saturday. Winter Wheats have sold slowly and prices are entirely nominal. The exports of the week have been 281,316 bushels, against 35,209 bushels the corresponding week last year. The decline on Spring has been 3 cts. per bushel; but most holders decline to yield, hence we have few sales to record. At the close the market is firmer and fairly active, the demand being mainly for export, though in part for milling. Barley is in reduced supply and is firmly held. The demand has proved light, but as the stock is regarded as small most holders are not disposed to press sale, for choice. The market is steady. Oats have been in fair demand but at irregular prices, closing heavy. Indian Corn has been freely offered, and, with less favorable news from Europe and much firmness in freights, buyers have had a decided advantage, and prices are much lower and unsettled. The low prices current at the West, and the liberal supplies in prospect, have induced many holders to realize. Our stock of Old is much reduced, and there is less desire to sell it than New. The exports of the week have been 118,082 bush., against 175,970 bush. the corresponding week last year. At the close the market is easier and dull.

BROOM CORN.—The market is quiet and prices favor the buyer. Sales of Red at 12@14 cts. and Green at 15@17 cts. per lb.

BUILDING MATERIALS.—There has been a fair business in all articles coming under this heading, and the market ruled quite firm, prices showing no change.

COAL.—The receipts have been large for the season, and prices are again lower and unsettled; the mild weather and depression in business generally limit the consumption, and our present supply is large. Sales from yard at $5 50@$7 per ton. Foreign is dull and prices tend downward.

COFFEE.—Immediately following our last, very favorable advices were received from Rio Janeiro; and, coming as they did upon an already buoyant market, the effect was to cause a further improvement of ½ ct. per lb., and a general withdrawal of stocks of the ports. The advanced values have rather checked the demand, and buyers now confine themselves to the supply of immediate wants. The stock is reduced and the competitive advantages moderate. East and West India styles are dull, and, except on very prime lots, without much strength. We quote fair to good cargoes Rio, in bond, 9½@11¼ cts.; Java 21@23½ cts., Maracaibo 15@18 cts., and Laguayra 14½@17¾ cts.—all gold.

COTTON.—The buoyant tone of the Liverpool market, the small supplies going forward to that point from all the Cotton-growing regions, and continued moderate receipts at the ports, have, combined, given sellers a very decided advantage, and prices show a material improvement on all grades. Speculators and exporters have been the principal operators; the high current rates, and some dullness in the goods market, checking the operations of spinners. A great many old contracts have been covered, both on "short" and "long" account, and fresh engagements entered into, though the latter were mostly for early delivery. The low grades have shown the most strength during the week, as they particularly wanted to meet contracts. Tenn'd Cotton has met with particular favor among shippers, and the sales are only limited by the amount of goods offering. Future delivery sales have been moderate, but prices have remained firm on a rather moderate market. The manufacturers appear very well satisfied to take their time and wait for the moving of the waters, which they are quite confident must soon happen. New York Mills sell at 27½, and Wamsuttas, 4-4, at 25 cts.; for 5-4, 32. Tuscaroras, 4-4, at 22.

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Woolen fabrics are generally firm in

PROVISIONS.—The general market for the Hog product has shown a very strong tone throughout the greater portion of the week; but only Lard and Pork have moved with unusual freedom, and mostly on speculative account. A number of old contracts have been provided for; but there has been a large amount of goods engaged on fresh investment, and even the most sanguine operators for an advance express some surprise at the readiness with which buyers pay the extreme figures now current. Shippers have taken only a few job lots on positive orders; but consumers, though operating cautiously, find it uccessary to call for a pretty liberal amount from day to day, and stocks do not materially augment. The very small supply of Mess Pork in yard on the 1st inst., and light prospective additions thereto, greatly stimulated the market; and, with a comparatively brisk demand, both from the "shorts" and for fresh investment, prices decidedly and rapidly improved, and many holders withdrew their supplies. Old Mess has advanced, but sold mostly for jobbing purposes. Prime Mess has sold to some extent for shipment and is higher, but a little unsettled at the improvement. The market closes moderately active, but for most grades very firm, at $32 75@$33 for Old Mess, $33 50@$34 for New Mess, $27 50@$28 for Extra Prime, $29 50 @30 for West'n Prime Mess and $31 50@@$32 for City do., and $32 25@$32 50 for Thin Mess. For future delivery the demand has been very active and sales made at $33 50@$34 for April on new Mess, and $33 25@$33 50 for March, closing rather buoyant, with but little offering. Beef has met with more inquiry on home and Eastern account, at unchanged but very full prices. We quote at $12@$17 00 for Prime Mess, and $13 00@$18 00 for Extra Mess. Tierce Beef continues to move slowly, and values remain uniform at $27@$30 for Prime Mess, and $31@$36 for India Mess. Beef Hams fairly active, but common lots selling lower. We quote at $20@$32 for ordinary, and $33 00@$34 00 for prime Cut Meats have met with a fair demand from trade and partly speculative, but prices show no further important alterations. We quote at 14 a 14¾ for Shoulders in salt or pickle, and 18@18¾ for Pickled Hams. Bacon is not much inquired after, but scarce, and firmly held at 16a16½ cents for Cumberland, and 17a17½ cents for Short Rib. Dressed Hogs close at 15a15¾ for Western, and 15¾@16 cents for City. Lard has been rather dull, but the offerings were moderate, and holders as a rule quite firm. The close is quiet but steady at 19¾@20¾ cts. for No 1, 20¾@20¾ cts. for City, 20¾@21 cts. for Steam, and 21@21¾ cts. for Kettle Rendered. For future delivery there has been a steady, uniform market, with a fair business, at about 20¾ cts., closing however, with no sellers below 21¾ cts. up to June 1st.

RICE.—Carolina is in very good demand; and, though the supply is fair, holders are firmer at 9¼@9¾ cts. Foreign more active and firmer at 3½@5¾ cts.

SEEDS.—Only a limited inquiry for Clover Seed at 14¾@15¼ cts. The higher prices asked checks the demand for export. Timothy Seed is selling at $3 37½@3 68 per bushel, Rough Flax Seed is quiet at $2 60@$2 65 per bushel.

SUGAR.—The demand for Raw has been rather spasmodic, but in the aggregate quite liberal; not only our own local refiners buying freely, but considerable quantities going coal to neighboring cities. Prices, after a little heaviness early in the week, have again strengthened up and close quite firm. Importers appear confident and the offerings are light. We quote at 11@11¼ cts. for Fair to Good Refining, 11¾@12¼ cts. for Fair to Good Grocery, and 12¾ cts. for No. 12 Box Dutch Standard. Refined fairly active at 15½ @15¾ cts. for Powdered, Granulated, and Crushed; 14½@14¾ cts. for Soft White; 13¾ @14 cts. for Yellow; and 14@14½ cts. for Extra "C."

TALLOW.—The market has declined under the less favorable news from Europe, and is unsettled at the close. Sales of 250,000 lbs. at 11½@11¾ cts. for Western, and 11½@12 cts. for City.

NEW YORK CATTLE MARKET.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, FEB. 9, 1869.

[REPORTED EXPRESSLY FOR THE INDEPENDENT.]

PRICES OF BEEF CATTLE AT THE PRINCIPAL MARKET PLACES.

	This week.	Last week.
Premium	17¼@17¾	17¼@17¾
Extra	16¾@17¼	16¾@17¼
First quality	15¾@16¼	15¾@16¼
Good quality	14¾@15¼	14¾@15¼
Third quality	13¾@14¼	13¾@14¼
Ordinary	12 @13¼	12 @13¼
Average of all sales about	14¾@15	14¾@15¼

GENERAL QUOTATIONS.

COWS AND CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Choice	70 @75	70 @75
Good	55 @65	55 @65
Medium	45 @50	45 @50
Inferior	30 @35	30 @35

VEAL CALVES.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra and Choice	7¾ @8	7¾ @8
Good	7¼@7½	7¼@7½
Medium	6¾@7	6¾@7
Inferior	10 @6¼	10 @6¼

SHEEP AND LAMBS.

	This week.	Last week.
Extra per lb.	7¾@8 cts.	7¾@8 cts.
Choice "	7 @7¾ "	7 @7¾ "
Good "	6¼@6¾ "	6¼@6¾ "
Medium "	5¾@6 "	5¾@6 "
Common "	5 @5¾ "	5 @5¾ "

SWINE.

Live, per lb.	Dressed, per lb.
Corn-fed, prime to choice	— @—
Corn-fed, common to good	— @—
	— @—

GENERAL REMARKS.

We have had a continued comparatively dull market for Beef Cattle since our last, and prices generally have had a downward tendency; still there has been no particular decline. Milch Cows are about the same as last week, prices generally being nominal. Sheep and Lambs have fluctuated in value, yet the market has been firm. Swine show no particular change, prices being in a nominal condition at the moment.

POSTSCRIPT.

LATEST DRY GOODS QUOTATIONS.

IMPORTANT TO EVERY MERCHANT IN THE UNITED STATES.

MONDAY EVENING, Feb. 9, 1869.

THE following are the wholesale net cash prices of all the leading styles of Domestic Dry Goods sold in the New York market. It is confidently believed that this weekly information, specially reported to THE INDEPENDENT, (and more perfectly than to any other newspaper in the city), is worth, to every dry goods merchant, ten times the subscription price of the paper.

PRINTS.

Merrimack, W	15½	Amoskeag	13
Merrimack, D	15½	Lawrell	10½
Amoskeag, A. C. A	15½	Hamilton, Regular	10½
Sprague	16½	Victory	11½
Pacific	13½@13½	Cocheco	11½
American	13½	Arnold	11½
Dunnells	15@16½	Richmond	11½
Cocheco	14½	Richmond, Extra	12½
Manchester	13½@13½	Mourning	13½
Freemont	13½	Oriental	13½
Nassau	13½		

GINGHAMS.

Lancaster	17	Hartford	12½
Berkshire	15	Glasgow	16
Caledonia	15		

BROWN SHEETINGS.

Amoskeag, A	14	Pocasset	14
Lawrence, G	13½	"	16½
" F	12½	Pepperell, E	16
" L	11½	" D	15
" M	13½	" C	14
" B	10½	Pacific	12½
Pacific, Extra	14½	"	10½@12½
" H	14½	"	10½
Atlantic, A	14½	"	10½@12½
" H	14½	Boot, S	10½
"	13½	" O	12½
"	12½	"	10½
Semper Idem	15	Appleton, A	14½
Shawmut, C	14½	Lacoshia H	14½
Augusta, F	14½	" R	13½
Stark A	14½	"	12½
Massachusetts	14½	Lyman, E	14½
" H	13½	"	13½
" E	12½	"	12½
Indian Head	14½	Utica	14½
"	13½	Tremont, H	14½
Exeter, A	14½	Ticonic Orchard, A	14½
"	13½	"	13½
Medford	14½	"	12½
Milton	14½	Great Falls, H	9½
"	7½	"	14½
Gilboa	14½	Cabot, A	14½
Pittsfield, A	13½	"	13½
Kennebec	14½	Dwight, A	14½
Everett, AA	14½	"	13½
Shannon	14½		
Conesto Co. E	14½@16½		

BLEACHED MUSLINS.

New York Mills	27½	Dwight	18